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AMERICAN COMICS GROUP
ACG

ADVENTURES INTO THE

NO 11
JUNE-JULY

UNKNOWN!

10¢



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



MARRIAGE of DEATH



**WHAT! I-I'D BETTER
GET THE DOCTOR AGAIN--
YOU'RE DELIRIOUS!**

DON'T WORRY -- MY MIND'S
SOUND ENOUGH! BUT PERHAPS
I'D BETTER TELL YOU THE
WHOLE STORY, SO YOU CAN
JUDGE FOR YOURSELF! IT ALL
STARTED TEN YEARS AGO--ON
MY LAST TRIP TO THE RIVIERA--

"An old
lady needs
SOME
excitement
--so it was
my usual
custom to play
Baccarat
at the
Casino
for an
hour or
two
before
retiring--"

THIRTY THOUSAND
FRANCS WORTH OF
CHIPS, PLEASE!

OUI,
MADAME!

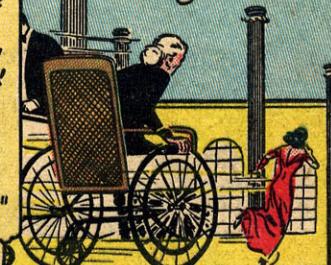


"It took a
long time for
him to count
out the chips
--and, waiting,
I allowed
my eyes to
wander
towards the
roulette
table.
And
there,
I GOT
THE
SURPRISE
OF MY
LIFE!"

THAT'S--
ANNETTE
WHITNEY! BUT NO--
IT COULDN'T BE! ANNETTE
WOULD BE A DODDERING OLD
LADY OF EIGHTY BY NOW--
BUT WAIT! SHE'S
RECOGNIZED ME!
IT IS
ANNETTE!

"Yes, a woman
who was old,
ancient--but
clad in a halo
of radiant
youth!
There was
some mystery
here that she
wanted
to hide,
for she fled
for an exit!
But I had
to get to
the bottom
of this--
so I
followed--"

SHE'LL HAVE TO GET HER
WRAPS FIRST! I CAN CUT
HER OFF AT THE MAIN
ENTRANCE!

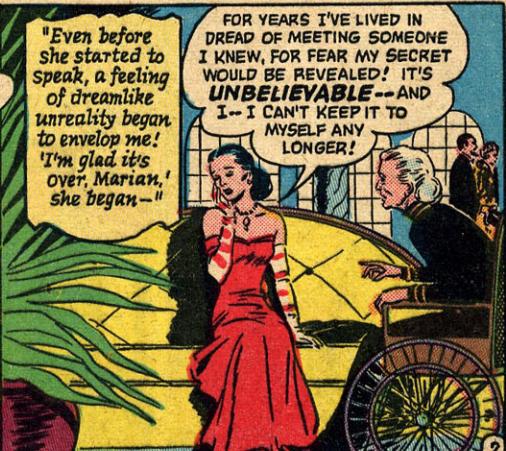


"I wasn't a moment too soon! It took all my
control to make my voice calm -- "

WHY, ANNETTE!
IS THIS ANY
WAY TO TREAT
AN OLD
FRIEND?
YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN,
MADAME! I'M NOT--OH, WHAT'S
THE USE! YES, I'M ANNETTE--
AND IT'LL DO ME
GOOD TO TELL
SOMEONE MY
STORY--THE
STRANGEST
OF ALL
TIME!

"Even before
she started to
speak, a feeling of
dreamlike
unreality began
to envelop me!
I'm glad it's
over, Marian,
she began--"

FOR YEARS I'VE LIVED IN
DREAD OF MEETING SOMEONE
I KNEW, FOR FEAR MY SECRET
WOULD BE REVEALED! IT'S
UNBELIEVABLE--AND
I--I CAN'T KEEP IT TO
MYSELF ANY
LONGER!



"It began in Switzerland--almost sixty years ago! My parents had sent me to a sanitarium there, to regain my health--but it was useless!

I still remember my feeling of despair when the doctor said--"



"I was determined to live that last year to the fullest! I picked Paris for my life's last fling--and there--in the gayest cafe--I met HIM!"



I--I MEAN, PARDON ME, MA'MSELLE! IT WAS CLUMSY OF ME! I'M PIERRE LE MORT! MAY I JOIN YOU--AND MAKE A MORE SUITABLE APOLOGY?

IT WAS NOTHING, REALLY! AND IF YOU'D CARE TO SIT DOWN--



"Time passed--we fell madly in love! Wonderful, exciting days--then suddenly, his strange behavior began!"



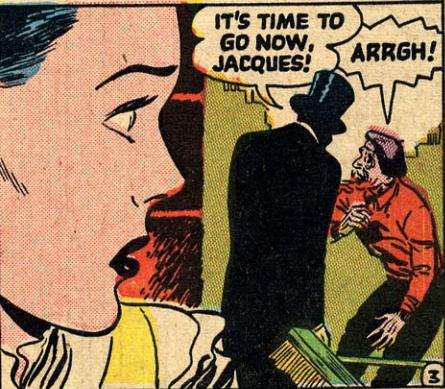
"It happened many times--these strange, unexplained departures!

And he'd remain silent when he returned, offering no apology, no answers to my questions! Finally, one day --"

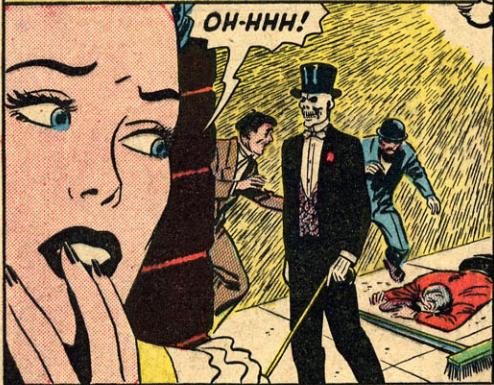
HE'S LEAVING ME -- AGAIN! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER--I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM! I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHY HE DOES THIS, WHERE HE GOES!



"He didn't see me as I followed, close behind! Suddenly he stepped from the curb, touched an old street sweeper on the shoulder--"



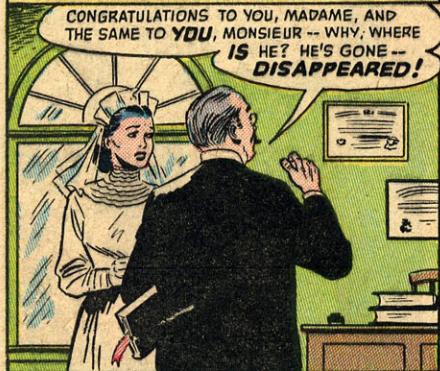
"The old man was - **DEAD!** Pierre turned to leave, and I caught a glimpse of his face. Lord help me, it wasn't a face! **IT WAS ---**"



"Horror-stricken, I fled to my hotel! **COULD I BELIEVE WHAT I HAD SEEN?**"

THAT OLD MAN - HE -- DIED -- WHEN PIERRE TOUCHED HIM! AND THEN PIERRE'S FACE -- A GRINNING SKULL! WAS IT TRUE? DID IT REALLY HAPPEN THAT WAY -- OR DID I IMAGINE IT?

"That was it - **IMAGINATION** -- brought on, perhaps, by my illness! I never mentioned it to Pierre -- and it was shortly after that that we were married!"



"He never came back! I waited -- and gradually, the feeling that I was involved in some monstrous, horrible situation settled over me!"

I NEVER REALIZED IT BEFORE -- BUT I KNOW PRACTICALLY **NOTHING** ABOUT HIM! WHERE DID HE COME FROM? HOW DOES HE EARN HIS LIVING? WHO-WHO HAVE I MARRIED?

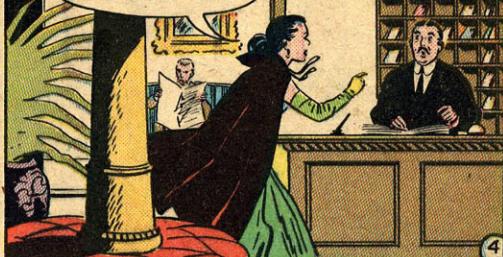


I ONCE ASKED HIM WHERE HE LIVED AND HE SAID -- HE SAID THE **VENDOME!**! YES, THAT'S IT -- THE VENDOME HOTEL! I'LL GO THERE!



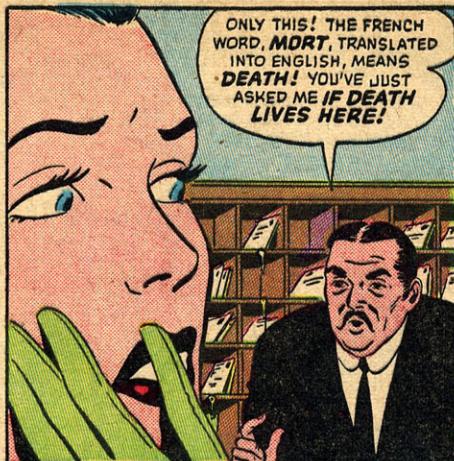
"My nerves at the breaking-point, I rushed up to the hotel clerk --"

DOES A **MONSIEUR LE MORT** LIVE HERE? IS HE IN? ANSWER ME -- DON'T STAND THERE WITH YOUR MOUTH Gaping OPEN!



MADAME MUST BE **JOOKING** --
OR ELSE SOMEONE IS JOOKING
WITH MADAME! I TAKE IT
THAT YOU DO NOT
UNDERSTAND FRENCH --?

I DON'T--
BUT WHAT'S
THAT GOT
TO DO WITH
IT?



"The awful words struck at my heart with a shock that my weakened physique could not withstand! I reeled from the hotel..."

DEATH! HIS NAME IS -- **DEATH!**
WHAT -- DOES IT ALL MEAN? IF-- IF
ONLY I COULD FIT THE PARTS OF
THE PUZZLE TOGETHER!
IF-- IF--



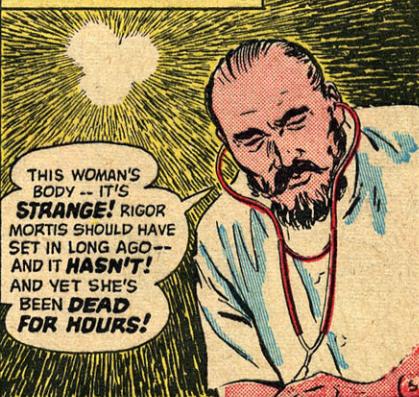
"Suddenly, the street spun dizzily, and wracking pain seared me! This was what my doctors had warned against! This was -- **THE END!**"

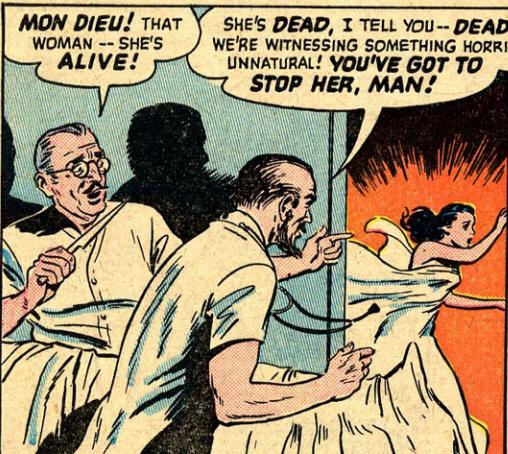
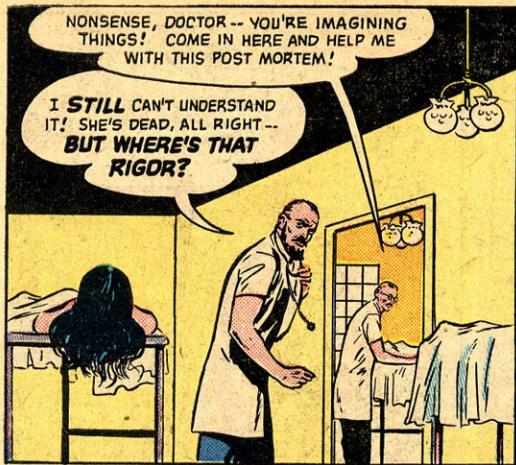


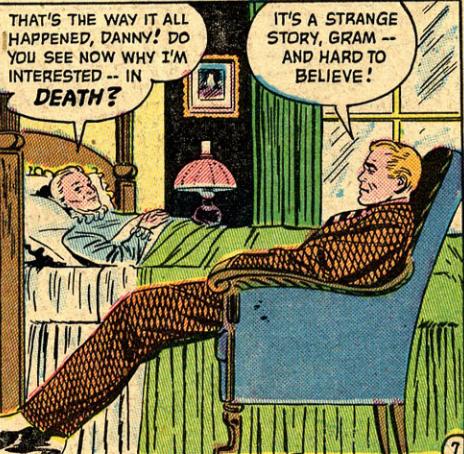
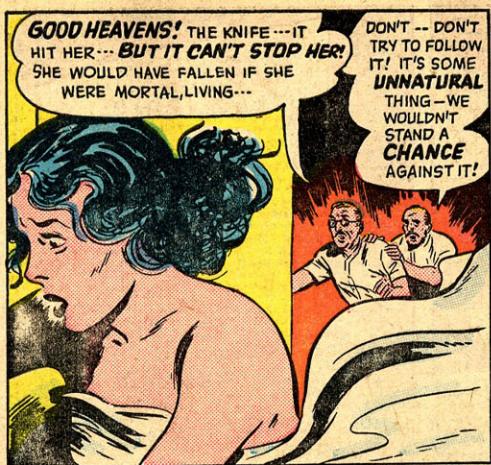
"I was going down, **DOWN** -- tumbling through the awful depths from which there was no return!
My last thought was for my loved one, Pierre -- if only I could have seen him once more, while I still lived!
Then -- **DARKNESS!!**

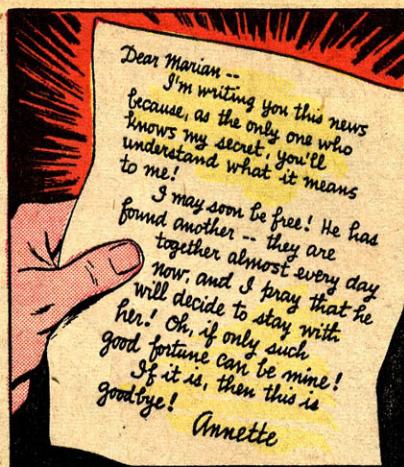


"Was this -- **DEATH**? Then why, long after, did I have the power of thought -- of **HEARING**? And the words I heard --"





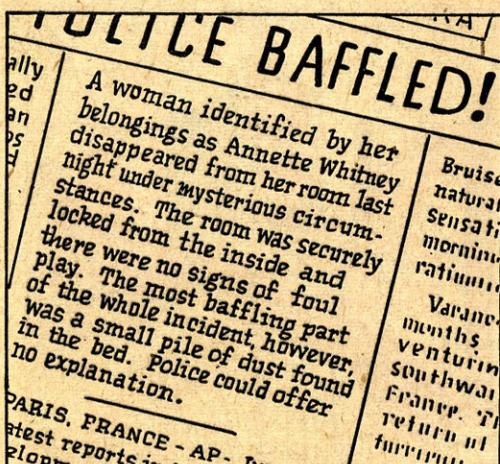




I HAVEN'T REALLY BEEN
TEMPTING HIM, SILLY!
IT'S JUST THAT I CAN'T
STAND HAVING THOSE
SERVANTS HOVERING
OVER ME! DEATH WILL
CALL ON ME WHEN HE'S
GOOD AND READY, AND
NOT BEFORE! NOW,
GOOD NIGHT,
DANNY!



I'LL TAKE
A PAPER,
BOY!



PARIS, FRANCE - AP - Jun
atest reports ind
lopma



THE END

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"LASOING
THE LION"



CIRCUS-TIME AGAIN, FELLAS! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT ELEPHANT!

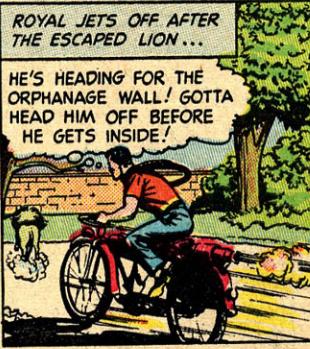
I'M GLAD THOSE BARS ARE BETWEEN ME AND THAT LION THERE... HE SURE IS HUNGRY-LOOKING!

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ABOUT TO MOVE ON, WHEN SUDDENLY...

GET THE TRAINER... THEN FOLLOW ME, BOYS!

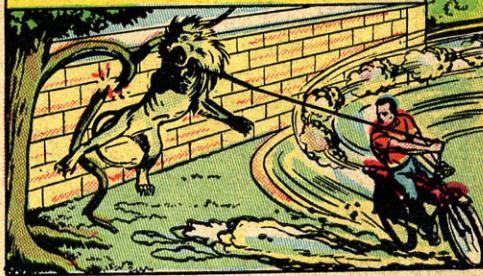
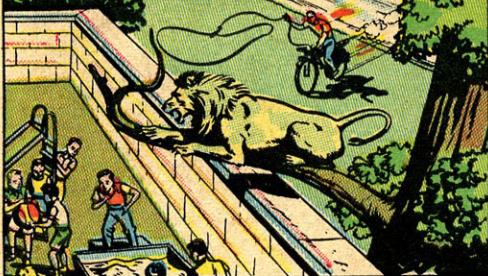
ROYAL JETS OFF AFTER THE ESCAPED LION...

HE'S HEADING FOR THE ORPHANAGE WALL! GOTTA HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE HE GETS INSIDE!



THE HUNGRY BEAST CROUCHES FOR THE SPRING!

...BUT ROYAL'S LASSO HITS ITS MARK... AND MR. LION IS LEFT CLAWING THE AIR!



AND SOON...

I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN TO THAT LION IN TIME!

I'M MIGHTY GLAD I WAS RIDING ON U.S. ROYALS... THEY ALWAYS SAVE TIME!

...AND THIS TIME THEY SAVED LIVES!



BOYS, WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY! DON'T TAKE CHANCES... GET THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

The LETTER

PROFESSOR Howard Blake opened the letter he had just received from his old friend, Dr. Montague, and began reading:

"Dear Howard

I am writing this to you because you are the only one who will believe me—and the only one who can take steps to eradicate the awful thing that has been let loose upon the earth. And Howard, I am not exaggerating when I say *awful*, for all of earth is threatened by an immensely powerful and incredibly evil *thing*—but let me start from the beginning.

It all started last week. As you know, not many people come to my astronomical observatory, because of its high altitude and isolation, situated as it is high in the Rockies. And so I was surprised when a lone prospector visited me, bringing a strange cylindrical object that he said had flashed down from the heavens and buried itself near his mining shack. He abruptly deposited it in front of my feet and hastily departed, as if he actually *feared* the thing. Upon examination, it proved to be curiously light for an object of its size, and all efforts to open it or crack its strangely resilient shell were fruitless.

The mystery of the cylinder grew as I unsuccessfully tried to determine its nature or origin. I finally gave up, resolved to conduct more extensive tests on it in the morning.

But that night, I awoke with an eerie feeling of a strange presence in my room. I flipped on the light—and instantly, a swirling, greenish, slimy *thing* enveloped me. For a moment, I was paralyzed by the sheer horror of its ghoulish touch—and then I found I was paralyzed. Creep-

ing tentacles of slime had penetrated my skin and reached my nerves, rendering me utterly helpless. And then, when the tentacles reached my brain and the thing began projecting thoughts into my mind, I had a glimpse of the most fiendishly evil intelligence in the entire universe!

The thing 'told' me not to resist its probings of my brain; that it had come from a far-off star after conquering world after world, and that after it had sucked my brain dry of every scrap of knowledge, it would know how to deal with *this* world—which was next on its schedule of conquest!

I tried resisting by blanking out my mind, but it was no use—and the next thing I knew, hours later, I was alone. I staggered to my feet, wondering why the thing had abandoned its victim. And then, as a lightning flash seared the heavens, I *knew* why—I knew its fatal weakness!

The storm is over now, and I must hurry and write down what I have discovered—so that you will know the secret of its weakness—and warn the whole world to be ready for its coming when it is through with me. I have locked the door of my room, but the thing may come upon me at any moment, may even cut me off in the middle of a sentence, so I will tell you right now that—"

"But . . . but the letter *ends* there!" exclaimed Professor Blake. "I don't understand it—if the *thing* did stop him from finishing the letter, how did he *mail* it? And how—"

Professor Blake broke off and stared in horror as a swirling, slimy, greenish *thing* emerged from the envelope the letter had come in.

REALM of the MIST GODS

NOW GET THIS! NO MATTER WHAT YOUR MUMBO-JUMBO MAGICIANS THINK - I'M THE ONE WHO SAYS WHETHER YOU LIVE OR DIE! AND WHILE YOU LIVE, YOU HUNT -- AND WHILE YOU HUNT -- YOU CATCH IVORY FOR CONGO SMITH! THERE'S JUST ONE POWER IN RUANDA -- HERE!

YOU 'EARD 'IM!
START TRACKIN'!

The trading post of Smith and Gubbins was located deep in Ruanda -- the one remaining part of Africa that knew neither map-makers, missionaries, nor military police! Dozens of native elephant hunters had been mercilessly flogged or shot to death for trying to hide tusks from Smith and Gubbins -- because they traded in ivory, and nothing else mattered -- either in this world, or beyond! But what "BEYOND" can mean -- what creeping terror it can hold -- was something the partners had yet to learn!

Odeon
A. Whitney

POWER! IN FISTS THAT COULD SHATTER COCONUTS -- POWER IN RHINOCEROS-HIDE WHIPS AND GLEAMING SIDE ARMS! BUT WAIT...

HAAGH! THERE'S THE KIND THE WORLD UNDER-STANDS -- **IVORY!** HEAPS OF IT, CONGO-TONS OF IT -- **AND MORE TO COME!**



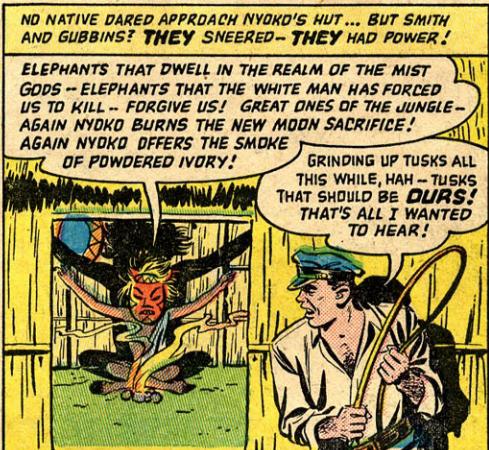
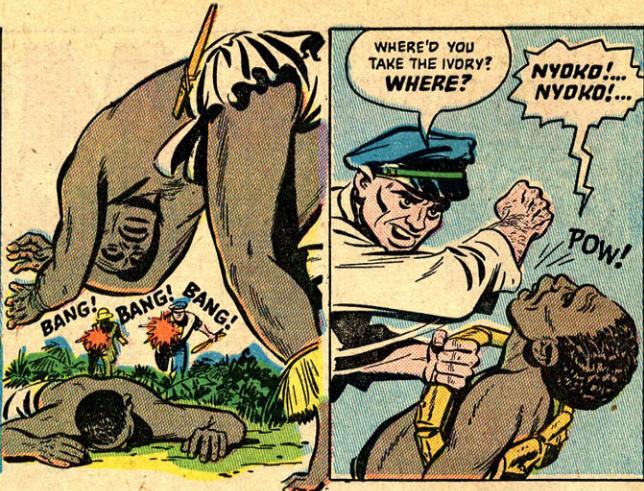
AND IF NYOKO, THE WITCH DOCTOR, COULD LISTEN -- AND SOME SAY HE COULD ALWAYS LISTEN -- HE WOULD NOD SLOWLY IN THE BLUISH MURK OF HIS HUT. YES, THERE WAS MORE TO COME! A STRANGE, STRANGE POWER ... AND STRANGE, STRANGE IVORY...



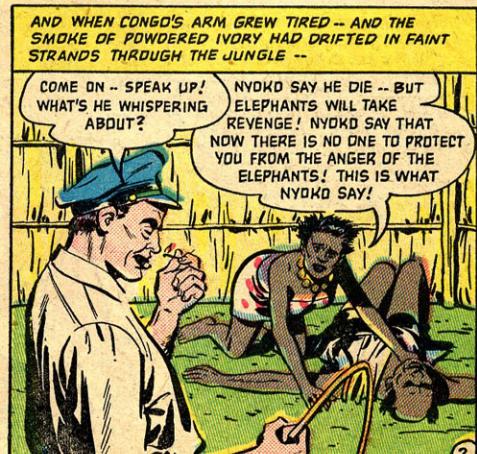
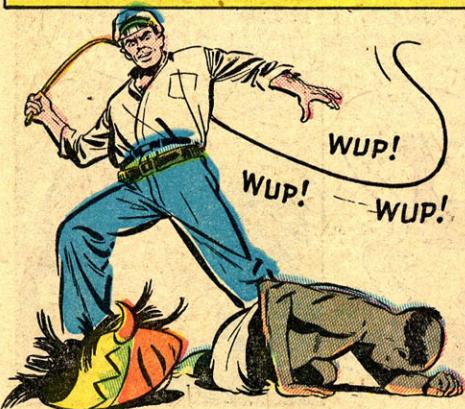
WAIT, CONGO! WAIT, LIMEY! IT STARTS HERE -- IN THIS MOMENT!...

BUZZARDS! BLAST THEIR EYES, THERE'S BEEN A KILL MADE -- AND NO IVORY REPORTED!





AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BLACK WHIP THUDDED DOWN -- AND
THE SMOKE OF POWDERED IVORY SWIRLED OVER THE
BATTERED FORM OF NYOKO ...



A MOMENT LATER-- LIKE THE FAR-OFF
RUMBLE OF HIDDEN DRUMS--

BOOM!
BOOM!

THUNDER!
ABOUT TIME THIS
BLISTERING DRY
SEASON ENDED,
LIMEY!

THAT'S
NO BLEEDIN'
THUNDER: IT'S
GETTIN' LOUDER,
THAT'S WOT-- THE
JUNGLE'S SWAYIN'
LIKE AN
INCOMIN' WAVE!

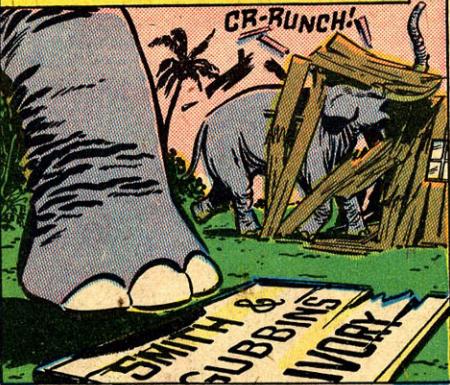
THEN-- THUDDING FROM THE BUSH--

CRASH!



NOT A SINGLE STRAW IN THE THATCHING OF THE
NATIVE HUTS WAS STIRRED BY THE HEADLONG
STAMPEDE-- BUT A MOMENT LATER--

CR-RUNCH!



AS THE TUSKERS WHEELED-- FADING INTO
THE BLURRED MISTS OF THE JUNGLE--

WHY'D IT 'APPEN TO
US, CONGO? AND
WHY'D IT 'APPEN
RIGHT AFTER WOT
NYOKD SAID WHEN
HE WAS DYIN'?

ALL RIGHT-- SUPPOSE THEY
WERE THE ELEPHANTS NYOKD
MENTIONED? THERE'S TONS OF
IVORY IN THAT HERD! THIS TIME
WE'LL GO AFTER IT **OURSELVES**--
WITH REPEATING RIFLES!



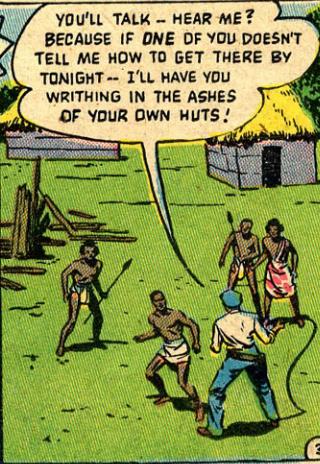
AND BEFORE WE START-- **YOU!**
WHERE'S THIS **REALM OF
THE MIST GODS?**

NO SAVVY,
BUCKRA-- NO
SAVVY!

DON'T LIE, YOU
VERMIN-- YOU'VE
BEEN THERE!

NO, BUCKRA!
NEVER--
NEVER!

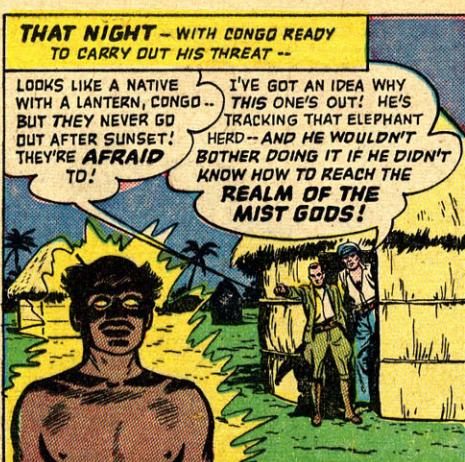
YOU'LL TALK-- HEAR ME?
BECAUSE IF ONE OF YOU DOESN'T
TELL ME HOW TO GET THERE BY
TONIGHT-- I'LL HAVE YOU
WIRTHING IN THE ASHES
OF YOUR OWN HUTS!



THAT NIGHT - WITH CONGO READY
TO CARRY OUT HIS THREAT --

LOOKS LIKE A NATIVE
WITH A LANTERN, CONGO --
BUT THEY NEVER GO
OUT AFTER SUNSET!
THEY'RE AFRAID
TO!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA WHY
THIS ONE'S OUT! HE'S
TRACKING THAT ELEPHANT
HERD -- AND HE WOULDN'T
BOTHER DOING IT IF HE DIDN'T
KNOW HOW TO REACH THE
REALM OF THE
MIST GODS!



WHERE IS IT?
HOW FAR?

NOT FAR! FOR YOU,
BUCKRA -- NOT FAR!
I'LL TELL YOU -- THE
DIRECTION --



THERE'S NOTHING
CONGO SMITH CAN'T
FIND OUT! WE'LL
LEAVE NOW, LIMEY --
SO WE CAN REACH
THE ELEPHANTS
BY DAWN!

THE REALM OF
THE MIST GODS!
IT IS WELL,
NYOKO -- IT
IS WELL!

ALL THAT NIGHT, CARRYING THEIR
HEAVY ELEPHANT GUNS, CONGO
AND LIMEY PUSHED THROUGH A
SULTRY DOMAIN OF SILENCE --
THE DARKNESS LIKE A FORMLESS
BLACK THING THAT PROWLED
BESIDE THEM...



BUT WHEN THE SUN ROSE -- SCREENED
BY A THICK MATTING OF FOLIAGE --

WOT! NOW LOOK
'ERE, CONGO --
NORTHEAST IS
THAT W'Y!

CAN'T BE MUCH
FURTHER! WE'LL
KEEP HEADING
NORTHEAST!



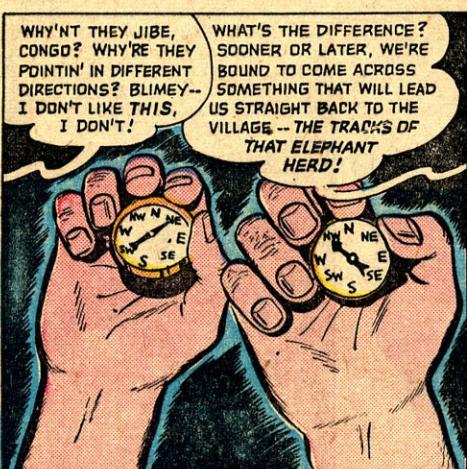
WHYNT THEY JIBE,
CONGO? WHY'RE THEY
POINTIN' IN DIFFERENT
DIRECTIONS? BLIMEY --
I DON'T LIKE THIS,
I DON'T!

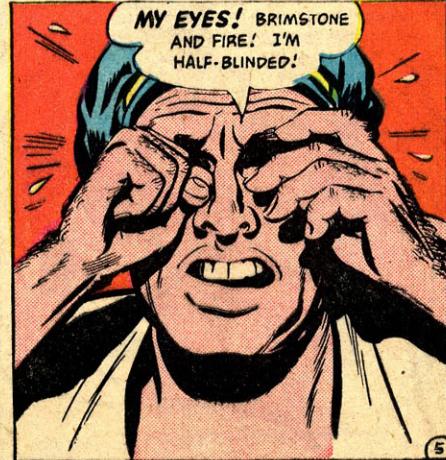
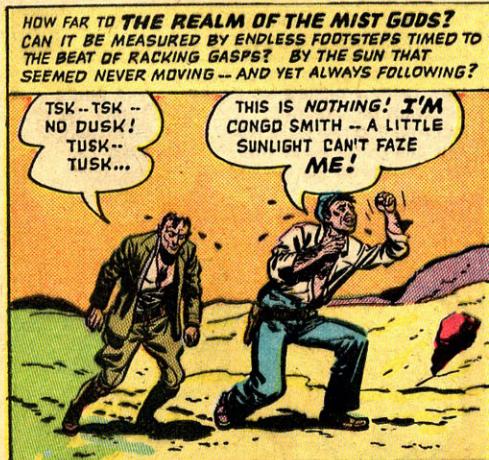
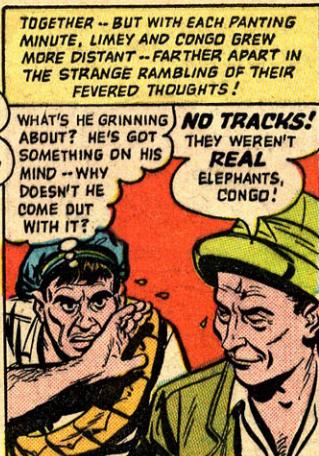
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
SOONER OR LATER, WE'RE
BOUND TO COME ACROSS
SOMETHING THAT WILL LEAD
US STRAIGHT BACK TO THE
VILLAGE -- THE TRACKS OF
THAT ELEPHANT HERD!

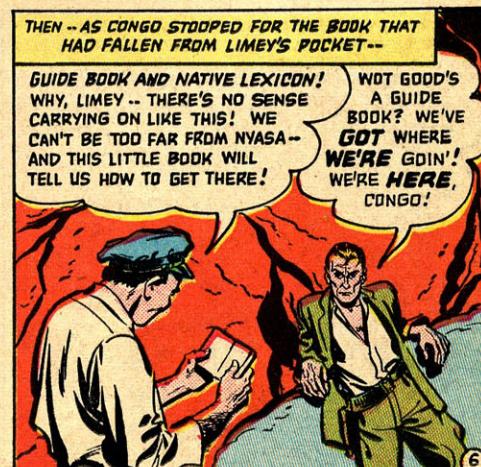
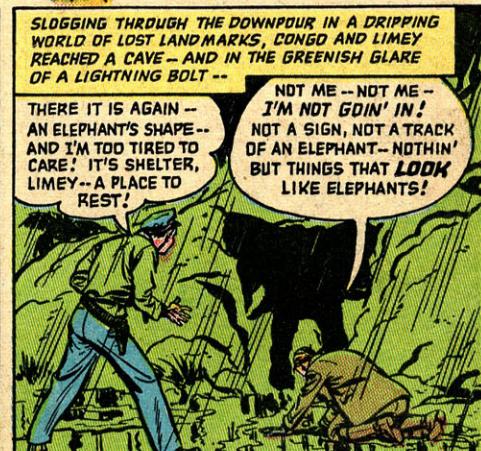
FOUR HOURS PASSED -- FOUR HOURS IN A WORLD IN
WHICH NOTHING MOVED BUT THE MIST! MIST WITH
THE FAINT ACRID TOUCH OF SMOKE -- THE SMOKE
OF POWDERED IVORY!

NO TRACKS! NO
BLEEDIN'
TRACKS!

WE'LL FIND 'EM,
I TELL YOU!
SHUT UP!







HOW MANY MILES TO NYAKO? RUNNING HIS FINGER DOWN THE PAGE, CONGO PAUSED—HIS BLOODSHOT EYES FIXED ON AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER!

believed extinct...
Ny-ók-o—a name meaning "elephant king." Used by witch doctors with supposed control over the spirits of slain elephants....

NYAKO!

HEH-HEH! THE OTHER NATIVES DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS WAS, CONGO!



BUT WE FOUND YES—FROM 'IM! OUT, DIDN'T 'E CAME BACK TO TELL US, CONGO! WE? DIDN'T NO LIVING NATIVE COULD DO IT—AND 'E WANTED TO BE SURE WE'D GET HERE!

SMAK!

STOP JABBERING!
STOP.. YOU HEAR ME?

HA-HA!

THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS! **EVERYONE** GETS HERE SOONER OR LATER, CONGO—BUT WE TOOK A BLOOMIN' SHORT CUT—TO **DEATH!**

MIXED FEAR AND RAGE CAN BE A TERRIBLE THING IN A MAN LIKE CONGO—A MAN WITH A FIST THAT CAN SHATTER COCONUTS!

MAYBE NOW YOU'LL QUIT, HAH?

POW!

CRAK!

AND IF NYAKO WERE HERE—AND SOME SAY HE WAS **ALWAYS** HERE—HE WOULD NOD SLOWLY...

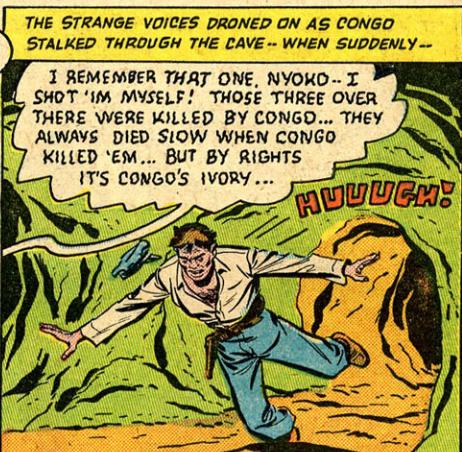
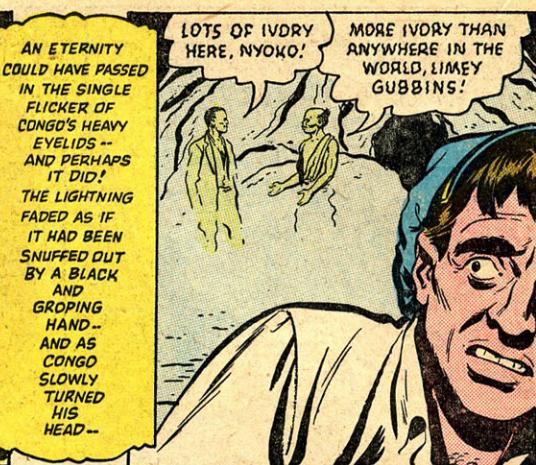
YES, BUCHRA—**SAY SOMETHING, LIMEY—YOU** KNOW I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU SO HARD! BUT HERE WE'VE BEEN LOST LORD KNOWS HOW LONG, MATEY—AND THEN ON TOP OF IT, ALL THIS TALK—ABOUT **DEATH!**

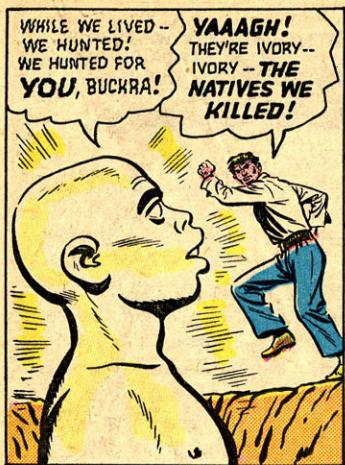
LIMEY GUBBINS HAS QUIT!

IT WAS EASIER TO HEAR THINGS, NOW THAT CONGO SMITH WAS ALONE... THE RAIN HISSED DOWN LIKE A CHORUS OF MUTED WHISPERS—AND THE MORE CONGO LISTENED...

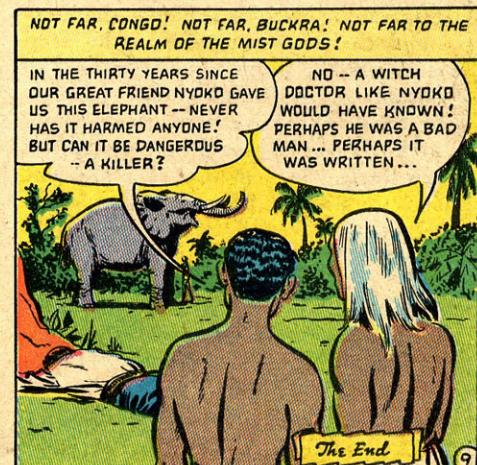
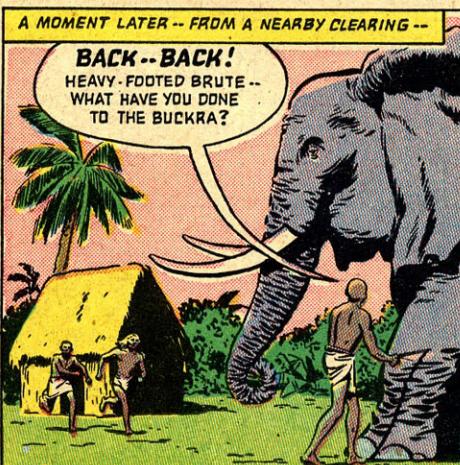
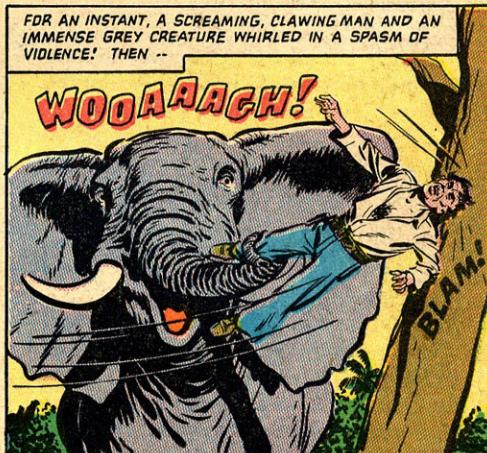
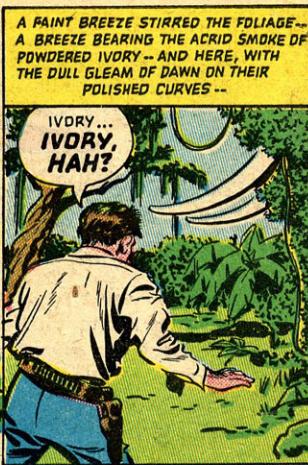
IT SOUNDS LIKE **HIM!**
STILL TALKING CRAZY—TRYING TO GET **ME** THAT WAY!

YOU'RE THE MASTER, CONGO!
WHIP THOSE RAIN DROPS!
SHOOT THAT LIGHTNING!
YOU'VE GOT THE POWER!





AND NOW AGAIN THE JUNGLE SWAYED
UNDER A HEADLONG RUSH -- THE
BELLOWING CHARGE OF A MAN WHOSE
LAST MADDENED BURST OF POWER
LEVELLED THE UNDERGROWTH IN
HIS PATH!



WATCHFUL UNCLE

"CYNTHIA! Whom *are* you talking to up there? Come down here this very minute!"

Cynthia Amberley stepped timidly out of her room, clutching her doll tight against her heart, and stood at the head of the stairs, looking fearfully down at her cousin Roger. "I . . . I was just talking to Uncle Jack," she stammered out, "He was telling me *ghost stories*."

Roger glared up at her impatiently. "That's nonsense," he almost shouted. "How many times must I tell you that Uncle Jack has been dead a whole week? Now stop your fairy tales and come down here—hurry! *Run!*"

Galvanized into action by the shouted command, Cynthia began scrambling down the steep stairs as fast as she could, without even holding onto the bannisters. As she neared the step across which Roger had tied the thin but strong length of piano wire, his eyes took on an avid gleam. He could already see, in his mind's eye, Cynthia's ankle catching the wire, the hurtling little body crashing down the steep stairwell, the prone figure lying at the bottom in the unmistakable position of those who have died of a broken neck. At last he would be revenged on the uncle who had thwarted him out of an enormous inheritance, who had left all his wealth to this despicable little snip of a girl.

Yes, *he*—Roger Amberley—would fall heir to the family wealth as soon as Cynthia tripped on the—*WAIT!* "It . . . it *can't* be," Roger thought in desperation. "I . . . I'm *seeing* things—

that white wisp of vapor *didn't* suddenly appear and lift Cynthia's foot over the wire!"

But it *must* have been, for here was Cynthia skipping safely down the rest of the stairs and stopping docilely in front of him. Roger Amberley passed a shaking hand over his forehead, and knew that his nerves were shot—he'd have to get rid of the girl before he *really* went batty! And he knew the best, most foolproof way!

Willingly, Cynthia accompanied him to the attic, where he stopped in front of the huge trunk with the massive iron top. It took all his strength to pull the lid creakingly up, and then he said, in his most amiable voice, "Look inside, Cynthia. There's a surprise in there for you!"

Eagerly, Cynthia stooped over the dim interior of the trunk, and just as Roger was about to push her, he was halted by her cry of delight. "Oh, UNCLE JACK—this *is* a wonderful surprise! But what are you doing in here?"

Stunned for a moment, Roger recovered his wits and roughly pushed the girl aside. "Uncle Jack?—You're out of your mind, Cynthia! Here—let me see what's inside!"

The interior of the trunk was shadowy and dark, and Roger had to thrust his head further into it before he could make out what that vague, amorphous white shape really was. But when he *did* find out, it was too late—for the grinning, wraith had reached up suddenly and slammed the massive lid down upon him forever.

MAP of MAGIC

You've probably heard of the Sorcerer's Apprentice, reader -- the lad who unwittingly released all the fiendish forces of the *UNKNOWN* -- but have you ever heard of the **MAP-MAKER** who unknowingly brought to life ghoulish demons who had been dead for over 500 years? No? Well then, get set for thrills -- in the strange story of the unearthly creatures who were Summoned out of the beyond by a **MAP OF MAGIC!**

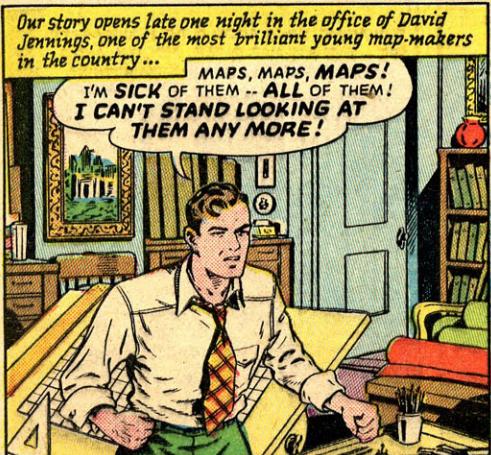


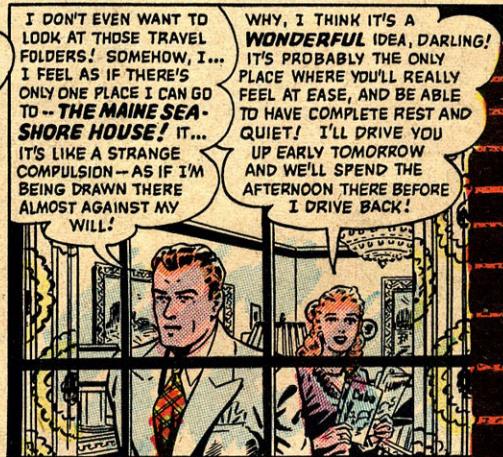
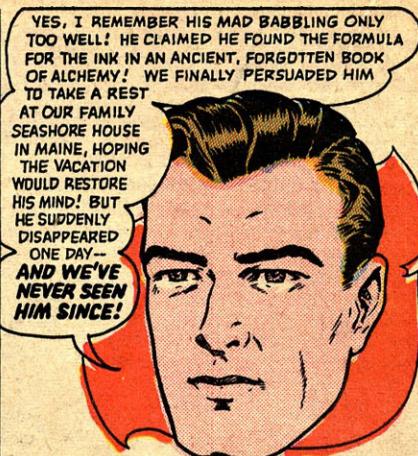
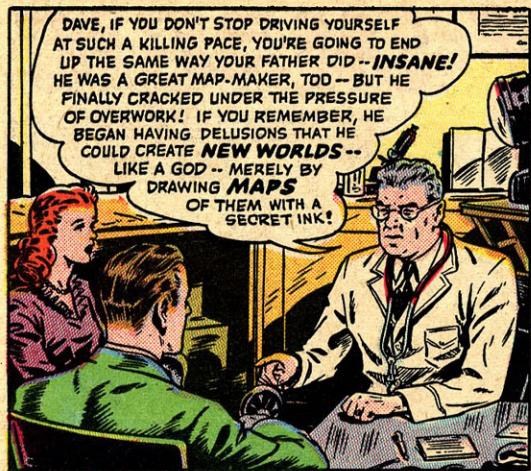
Our story opens late one night in the office of David Jennings, one of the most brilliant young map-makers in the country...

MAPS, MAPS, MAPS!
I'M SICK OF THEM -- ALL OF THEM!
I CAN'T STAND LOOKING AT
THEM ANY MORE!

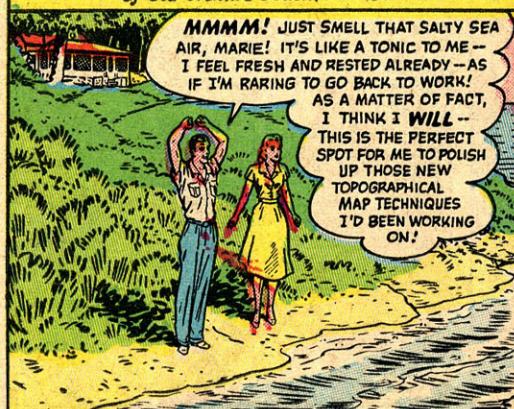
HI, DARLING -- HOW'S
MY HUSBAND-TO-BE
TONIGHT -- **DAVE!**
WHAT'S **WRONG?**

I -- I GUESS MAYBE I'VE
BEEN UNDER TOO MUCH
STRAIN -- I FEEL AS IF
I'M ON THE VERGE OF A
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!
I ... I'D BETTER GO
SEE OLD DOC.
SINGER!





Next day, at the lonely, isolated Jennings estate south of Old Orchard Beach, Maine...



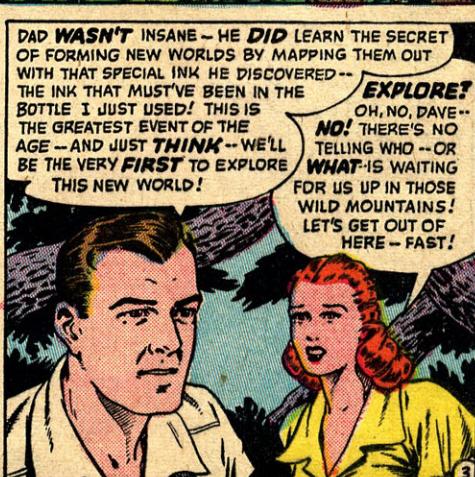
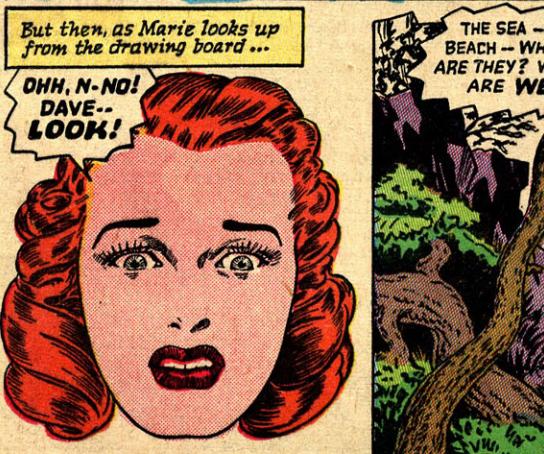
MIIGHT AS WELL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE WARM WEATHER AND WORK OUT HERE IN THE SUN! NOW LET'S SEE... I HAD TROUBLE IN ADAPTING MY NEW TECHNIQUE TO MAPS OF STEEP, MOUNTAINOUS AREAS, SO I'LL JUST **IMAGINE** SUCH A TERRITORY-- AND DRAW A TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF IT, AS IF IT

REALLY EXISTED!

I LOVE WATCHING YOU AT WORK, DARLING! I'LL JUST STAY UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED THIS MAP!

THERE, IT'S ALMOST FINISHED! BUT BEFORE I COMPLETE THAT CLIFF, I'LL PUT IN A FOREST HERE, A ROAD THERE, A HOUSE HERE...

MY, WHAT AN IMAGINATION YOU HAVE! IMAGINE CLIFFS AND FORESTS ON THIS FLAT, TREELESS BEACH!





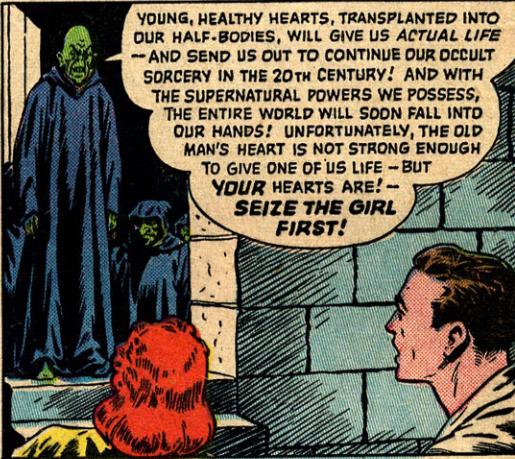
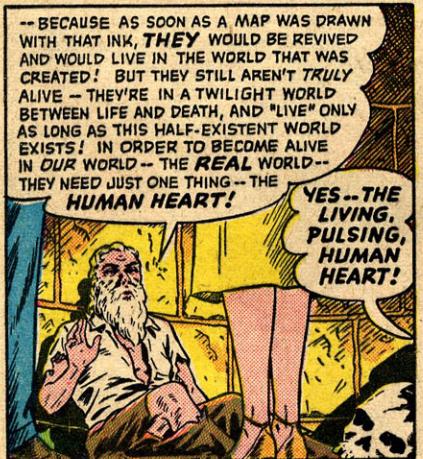
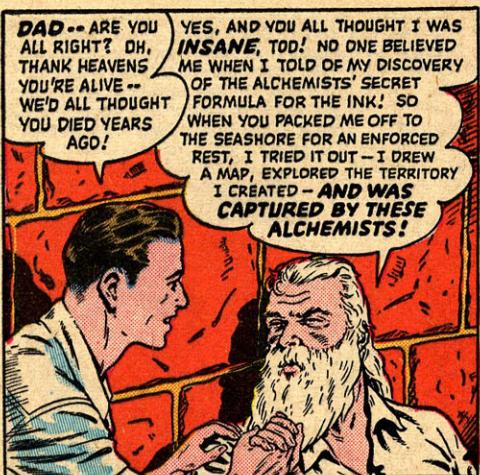


The castle door creaks back on hinges unused for centuries... and inside, the pair's footsteps echo hollowly, emptily, in a huge cavern of silent shadows -- shadows that suddenly move, and become tentacle-like arms...

IT'S LIKE AN ANCIENT BARONIAL HALL -- AND YOU CAN TELL FROM THE SOUND OF OUR FOOTSTEPS THAT IT'S EMPTY!

ND, DAVE --
IT'S NOT!
LOOK OUT!





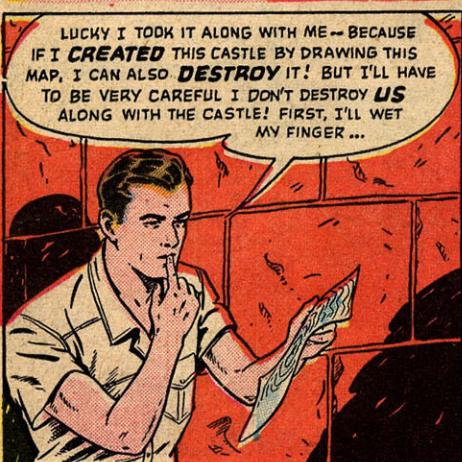
Minutes later...

SOON YOUR HEART WILL BEAT IN
MY BODY -- AND I WILL **LIVE**
AGAIN! THEN, WHEN I DESCEND TO YOUR WORLD,
THE REAL WORLD, I WILL ARRANGE TO SEND OTHER
HUMANS BACK HERE, SO THAT THE REST OF MY
ASSISTANTS CAN JOIN ME! THEN -- **ALL EARTH**
WILL BE OURS!

YOU...YOU
DEMONS!



LUCKY I TOOK IT ALONG WITH ME -- BECAUSE
IF I **CREATED** THIS CASTLE BY DRAWING THIS
MAP, I CAN ALSO **DESTROY** IT! BUT I'LL HAVE
TO BE VERY CAREFUL I DON'T DESTROY **US**
ALONG WITH THE CASTLE! FIRST, I'LL WET
MY FINGER ...



THE DOOR'S LOCKED --
AND THERE'S NO
OTHER WAY OUT OF
HERE! HEAVEN
HELP THE POOR
GIRL!

I'VE GOT TO HELP HER--
I GOT HER INTO THIS! OH,
IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME-
THING I COULD **DO**... SOME
WAY OF GETTING DOWN
THERE -- **WAIT!** I'VE
GOT IT -- THE
MAP!



As David Jennings' moist forefinger
presses against the map...

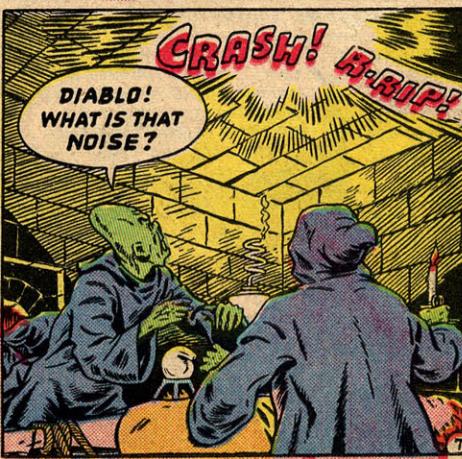
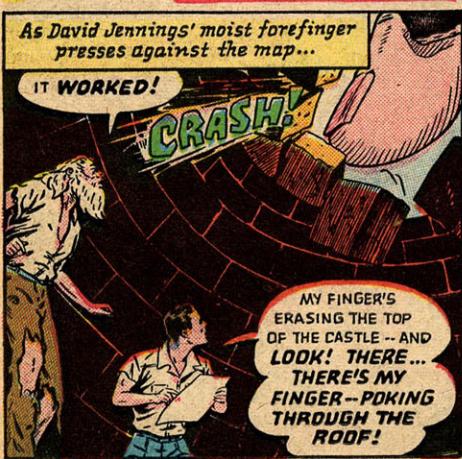
IT WORKED!

CRASH!

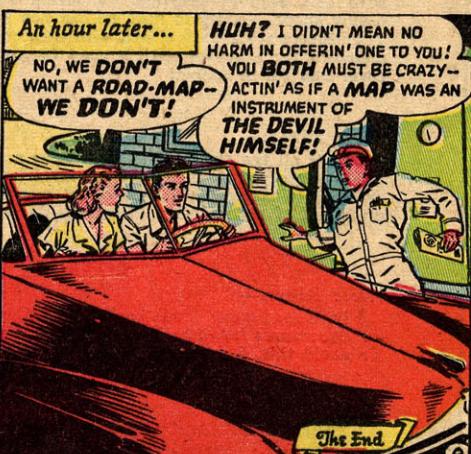
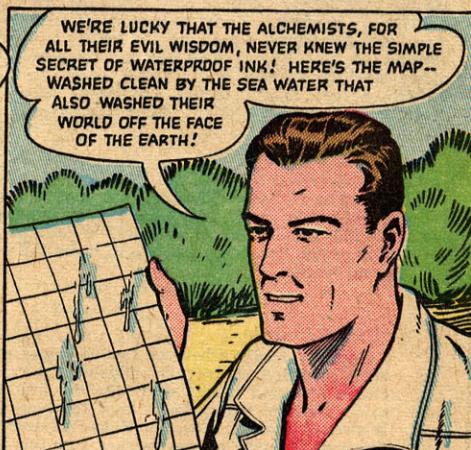
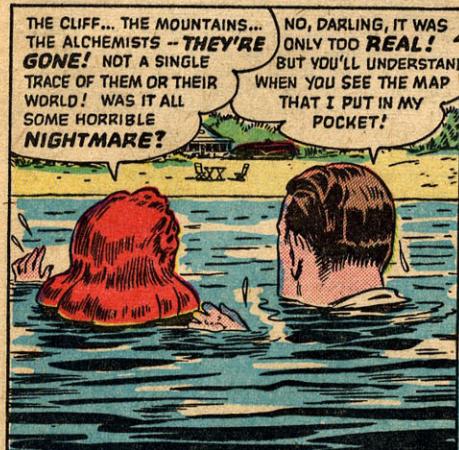
DIABLO!
WHAT IS THAT
NOISE?

CRASH! B-RIP!

MY FINGER'S
ERASING THE TOP
OF THE CASTLE -- AND
LOOK! THERE...
THERE'S MY
FINGER -- POKING
THROUGH THE
ROOF!







EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

IT'S midnight, reader. Outside, where all is blackness, the wind is howling like a banshee. It's a night for spirits, for eerie whispers from out of the *Unknown*, so—let's talk it over!

We've got a lot to talk over this time. For instance, let's discuss the banner issue of "Adventures Into The Unknown" that you've been reading. This time we've gone all out to bring you a star-studded lineup of super-thrillers that should hit a new high—because they're what you've *asked* for! Our experts have culled the field—and come up with an exciting variety of tense tales straight out of the chilling *Unknown* itself! There's "Marriage of Death," for instance—we'll bet you never thought of death as a *person*, nor dreamed of the strange adventures which would befall the woman of his choice! And for mysterious, other-worldly forces—well, you'll have to go far before encountering anything like "Realm of the Mist Gods!" Then, for grip-

ping imagination run riot, just cast your eyes over "Map of Magic"—and learn what happened to a man who made his own world—only to have it turn on him! Reading on, you'll find that the ocean itself can be haunted—as it was by that weird, formless specter called "The Eel!" And you'll chill to "The Look of Death"—as strange and fascinating a yarn as you'll ever meet!

They're all *yours*—for thrills and gasps! And we hope you like them, because this is one magazine that's tailor-made for *you*! If they're what you want, tell us so—and if you don't like them, let us know *that*, too! You're the folks we want to hear from, with full reports on your preferences. Many of you have been sending in your reactions, and we're grateful for them, since they help us in shaping this, your exclusive publication. We're pleased and proud at what we've been hearing—and we know you'll bear with us while we bring you a few samples of the correspondence which has been pouring in on us. Take a deep breath, and—let's go!

"Dear Editor:—

I have read a good many comics in my life, but none has been as good as "Adventures Into The Unknown." I think this book is *tops*, and that is putting it mildly, very mildly. I think it is *great*! It's—well, I think it's just *wonderful*! You ought to write more stories like "Shadow of the Panther," "When The Shaman Walked," and "The Thing at the Bottom of the Sea." They all help to make the best book that anyone ever read! Keep up the great work!

—H. Beatrice Williams, Detroit, Mich."

"Dear Editor:—

Recently I subscribed for twelve issues of "Adventures Into The Unknown" and have been receiving my regular bimonthly issues. However, you will recall that I also enclosed an extra twenty cents for the first two issues that were published. I have read other readers' letters about how they enjoyed such stories as "The Living Ghost," "The Werewolf Stalks," "The Old Tower's Secret" and "The Castle of Otranto." These sound like just the type of stories that I go for, but I would like to read them and find out. I have also been in suspense wondering what this "Living Ghost" is that everyone is raving about. . . . Up to now, no one has bothered to mention the covers of your book. Your covers are a work of art, with each one the basis for a complete adventure into the unknown for a reader with a good imagination. Just keep the stories as good as the cover and I'll be happy!

—James Parry, East Syracuse, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

Out of all the suspense books I have read, I really enjoy your magazine the best. It *really* keeps you in suspense! All my friends read it, too, and I wish that "Adventures Into The Unknown" could come out monthly instead of bimonthly. . . . I wish to say, on behalf of my friends and myself—*keep up the good work!*

—M. Sullivan, New York, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

I have read many comic books, but I have never found one that has held my attention as "Adventures Into The Unknown" does. I watch the stands so that I won't miss an issue. To avoid this, I am sending \$1.20 for a year's subscription. Thank you.

—Helen Lewis, Rock Springs, Wyoming."

Thanks, fans! And the rest of you folks—how's about hearing from *you*?"



It is written: "What man does not know... what he cannot control... **HE FEARS!**" Tom Stubbs, deep-sea diver, could never know, never control, but only, finally, come to fear the unknown powers of the dread ocean tide that was called... **THE EEL!**

STUBBS AND HIS PARTY CAME TO THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND OF GIRUA IN SEARCH OF...

-SUNKEN TREASURE, CHIEF JEWELS!

YOU ARE DIVERS, SEÑOR... WE ARE ISLANDERS, BUT DIVERS, TOO! ONE WORD OF WARNING... BEWARE OF... THE EEL!

THE EEL IS THE MOST TREACHEROUS, POWERFUL CURRENT ON THE SEVEN SEAS! HE COMES AND GOES - ATTACKS AND KILLS - LIKE SOMETHING **ALIVE!** HE HAS SUPERNATURAL POWERS - **UNKNOWN** POWERS!

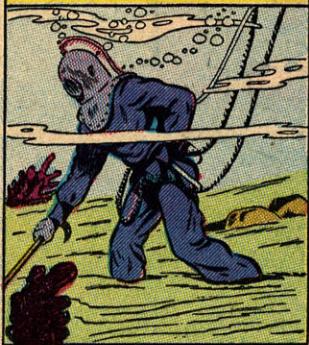
SO BEWARE OF THE WRATH OF THAT ALL-POWERFUL TIDE...

THE EEL!

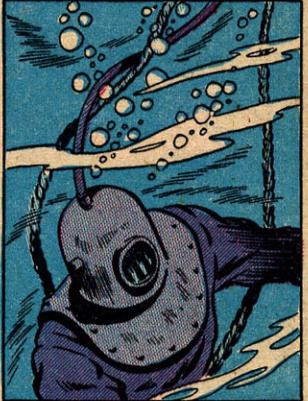
BAH! THAT'S **SPOOK STUFF!** THIS HEAVY DIVING SUIT IS ALL I NEED AGAINST ANY CURRENT IN THE WORLD! I'M GOING DOWN AFTER THAT TREASURE!



TOM STUBBS SLIPPED UNDER-WATER... AND THE SHALLOW FLOOR OF THE MOTIONLESS SEA WAS LIKE A BOTTOMLESS BOG, EMBRACING HIM, SUCKING HIM DEEP!



HE WENT UNDER, ROLLED FREE, WAS SUCKED DOWN AGAIN, FOUGHT HIS WAY UP... AND STAGGERED AHEAD...



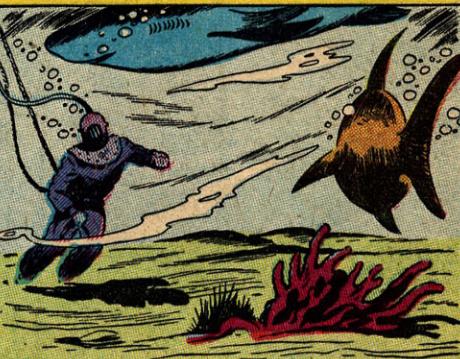
THEN... IN HIS PATH... A GIANT SEA CLAM! IT LOOKED HARMLESS, JUST ANOTHER FOSSIL OF THE DEEP-- UNTIL THE GAPPING JAWS SLAMMED SHUT!



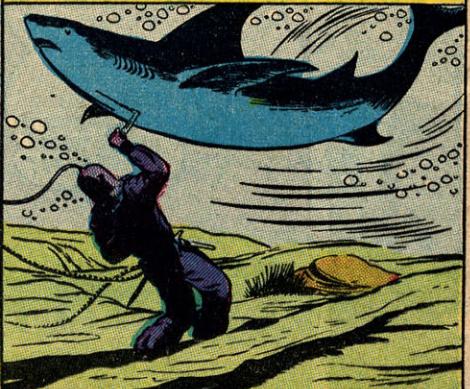
TOM STUBBS HACKED WITH HIS THIN-BLADED KNIFE UNTIL THE BREATH WAS DRY AND GASPING IN HIS THROAT AND PERSPIRATION SHADED THE WINDOW OF HIS HELMET... PRYING, TEARING HIMSELF LOOSE...



SLOWLY, HE DREW CLOSER TO THE SUBMERGED TREASURE-SHIP... AND SUDDENLY, THE CLUB-LIKE HEAD OF THE SHARK CAME AT HIM FROM THE DARK SHADOWS... FIERCELY, HUNGRILY, TEETH BARED...

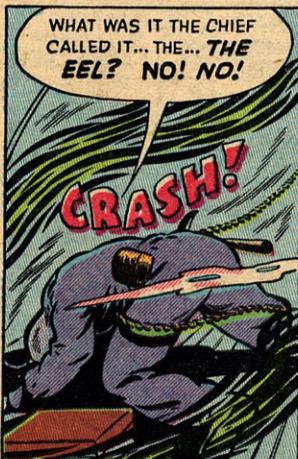
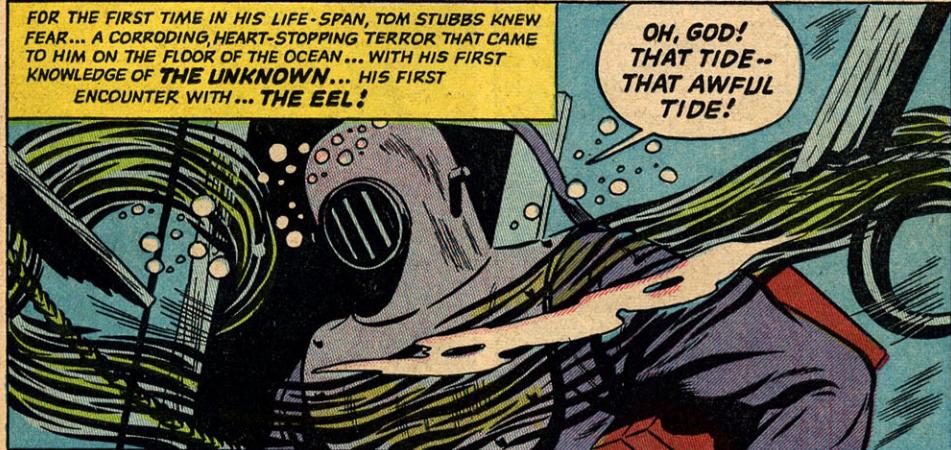
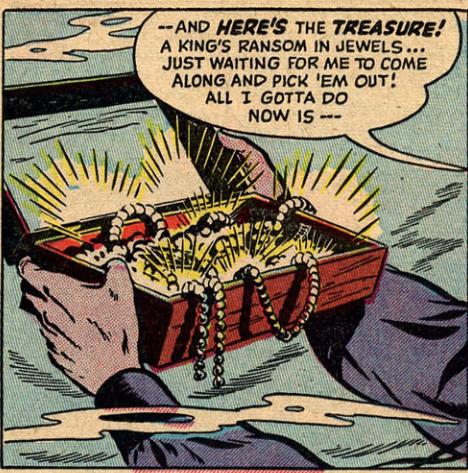
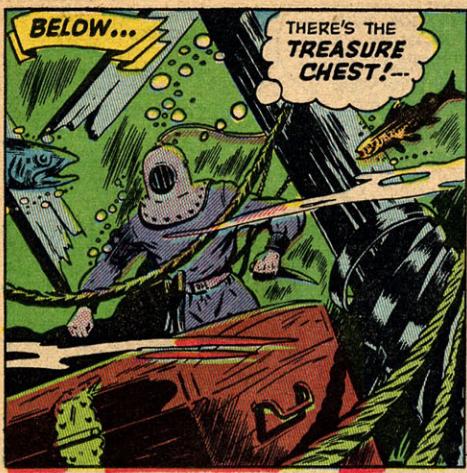


AT CLOSE QUARTERS, STUBBS STRUCK AGAIN AND AGAIN... PRAYING THAT HIS LINES WOULD REMAIN CLEAR! AT LAST THE SHARK WAS DEAD...



HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE SIDE OF THE SUNKEN TREASURE SHIP...





MEANWHILE, ABOVE, THE TIME DRAGGED ON, AND TENSION GREW...

WE'RE NOT GETTING ANY MORE SIGNALS FROM TOM, CHIEF, AND WE CAN'T GET THROUGH TO HIM!
I'M AFRAID...

FEAR NOT, MY FRIEND! I WILL SEND MY SON, TAURO, TO FIND HIM!



GO, SON, WITH MY BLESSING... MAY THE EEL SMILE UPON YOUR DIVE!

IF THE EEL WILLS IT, FATHER, I WILL RETURN... ALIVE!



DIVING CLEAN AND DEEP, SHOOTING DOWN BELOW THE OCEAN'S SURFACE... FAR BELOW... AS ONLY A NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS CAN... TAURO REACHED THE WRECK... AND THE WHITE DIVER'S PRISON...

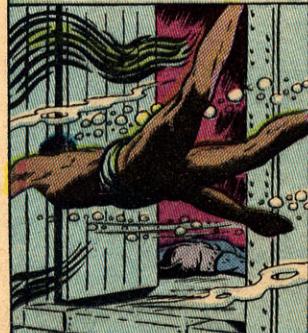
IT IS AS I THOUGHT... THE EEL IS ALL AROUND ME HERE -- AND SEÑOR STUBBS IS TRAPPED! HE MAY ALREADY BE... DEAD!



OH, YOU WHO ARE THE SPIRIT AND THE POWER OF THE SEA, YET MERCIFUL, LET ME LIVE! YOU TO WHOM WE BOW... WHOM WE CALL THE EEL-- HEAR MY PLEAS... OPEN THE DOOR!



AS THOUGH THE SERPENT-LIKE CURRENT HAD HEARD, AND SUDDENLY RELENTED, IT RUSHED BACK... AND AWAY! THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AS BY A GIANT UNDERSEA HAND...



AND...

IT IS HE... STUBBS!
HE STIRS... HE IS STILL ALIVE!



WORKING AGAINST TIME, TAURO REVIVED THE STRICKEN DIVER, HALF-LIFTED, HALF-CARRIED HIM UP AND OUT... TOWARDS SAFETY! FEAR WAS FORGOTTEN... BUT ONE MEMORY REMAINED...

THE JEWELS... THE JEWELS!



BACK ON DECK... AT LAST...

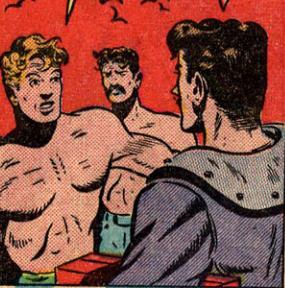
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... WHAT LUCK---
YOU'RE **SAFE**,
TOM! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I'M... I'M ALL RIGHT NOW...
AND WE'VE STILL GOT THE JEWELS!

PARDON, **SEÑOR**,
BUT I THINK THE JEWELS SHOULD NOW BE **MINE!**

NOW LOOK, FRIEND, YOU SAVED MY LIFE AND I'M THANKFUL... BUT
NOT THAT THANKFUL!

YOU FORCE ME TO **TAKE** THE TREASURE,
SEÑOR...
TAKE IT?? OVER MY DEAD BODY!

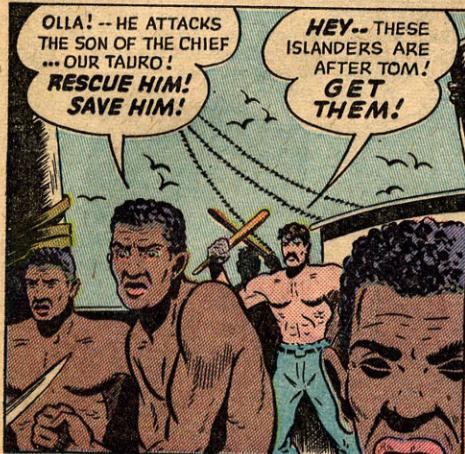


OLLA! -- HE ATTACKS
THE SON OF THE CHIEF
... OUR TAURO!
RESCUE HIM!
SAVE HIM!

HEY... THESE
ISLANDERS ARE
AFTER TOM!
**GET
THEM!**

THESE JEWELS ARE
MINE... YOU'LL HAVE
TO KILL ME FOR 'EM...
BEFORE I KILL YOU!

FOOLS! BLIND OXEN!
YOU DO NOT WANT
THESE JEWELS! **NONE
OF US** CAN HAVE
THEM! STOP!
I COMMAND YOU
... STOP!



BUT THE BATTLE RAGED ON!

DESTROY THE
PILLAGERS OF
OUR ISLAND AND
OUR TREASURE!

THE TREASURE BELONGS
TO **THE EEL!** FROM THE
EEL IT HAS **COME!** TO
THE EEL IT WILL
RETURN! MARK
MY PROPHECY!

LET 'EM
HAVE IT, MEN!
SHOOT 'EM
DOWN LIKE
FLIES!

THE EEL! LIKE SOME MONSTER OF THE DEEP
... ALIVE... ANGRY... COLD... IT REACHED OUT FOR
THE LIVES OF ALL THE MEN ABOARD THAT
UNLUCKY SHIP!

LOOK -- RUN!
SAVE YOURSELVES!
VENGEANCE
IS UPON US! IT
IS **THE EEL!**
HE'S COME FOR
THE TREASURE...
COME TO
PUNISH US...
THE EEL!



MAY THE GODS OF THE SEA
PROTECT US ALL... FOR WE ARE
LOST SOULS! ... **THE EEL** HAS
COME! FROM THE SEA WE HAVE
RISEN... TO THE SEA WE
SHALL RETURN! SPARE US,
EEL OF THE SEA... WE ARE
INNOCENT!



STRANGELY LACKING IN RAIN,
THUNDER OR LIGHTNING, THE
MONSTROUS TIDAL WAVE SWEPT
OVER THE DECK OF THE VESSEL,
LEVELING ALL IN ITS PATH... LIKE
A BOLT FROM THE SKY... OR
THE SEA!



AND LEAVING... IN ITS WAKE...

CAN THIS BE? THE BATTLE IS
OVER... **THE EEL** HAS COME AND
GONE... AND WE ARE **SPARED!**
THOSE OF US THAT MEANT NO
HARM... NOR TO VIOLATE THE
SEA'S TREASURE... ARE **SAFE!**



IT WAS **THE EEL**... **THE EEL**! HE HAS STRUCK
ONCE AGAIN... TO SAVE US... TO PROTECT US
FROM HARM... AND TO CLAIM HIS TREASURE
FOR HIS OWN! WE GIVE THANKS...

TO **THE EEL**!



AND THEN, AS PEACE WAS RESTORED AND
ANXIOUS EYES SWEPT THE DECK...

YES, **THE EEL** SPARED
US... WE WANTED NO
TREASURE AND MEANT
NO EVIL! BUT--
MY SON!

TOM... **TOM STUBBS!**
THEY'RE BOTH DEAD!
AND--**THE JEWELS??**



IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE
STORM... OR **THE EEL**...

THERE THEY ARE... SWEPT
OFF THE DECK! SCATTERED
TO THE WAVES... TO
THE SEA!

BACK BELOW... TO
THE LAIR OF
THE EEL!

FOREVER WILL
THE EEL PROTECT
THOSE WHO ARE OF
GOOD HEART... PUNISH
THOSE WHO HARBOR
EVIL... AND ALWAYS
CLAIM **HIS OWN!**



The End



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Read **AMERICAN!**

TIME *to* DIE

HE'D done it—his experiment had worked!

Clutching the next day's newspaper in trembling hands, Professor Peter Halvorsen staggered to his armchair and lay back, panting heavily, trying to ignore the growing pain around his heart. Yes, it had worked—but the experiment had exacted an awful toll on his body.

The professor leaned back, trying to quiet the heart that pounded against his chest like the boooming of a tom-tom. There was one sure way to relax, he knew—all he had to do was think back over the years that had led to today's tremendous triumph, the most stupendous achievement of the age. He'd let his memories soothe and calm him—the memories of all those years since he had discovered the Third Book of Thoth in a secret vault in the Pyramid of Thebes.

Twelve years ago it was—and twelve years of laborious, heart-breaking deciphering had followed. He'd given up his position as Professor of Egyptology and Occultology to devote all his time to translating the ancient symbols of occult wisdom. He'd kept his discovery of the Book of Thoth a secret, afraid that the public would laugh at his attempts to solve the mystery of *time*!

But they wouldn't laugh now, when he told them that he had actually carried out the magical rites, the uncanny invocations to unknown spirits—and had actually projected himself *a day ahead into the future!*

The professor turned his head and glanced fondly at the incredibly ancient Third Book of Thoth, lying in its silver box on the table at his side. Yes, it had taught him the occult secret of traveling in time—even though the anguished wrench from one time dimension to another had almost killed him.

But he was beginning to feel better now, strong enough to light a cigarette before he looked at the *proof* of his success—the newspaper he held clutched in one hand. *Tomorrow's* newspaper—carrying news that had not yet even *happened*!

He leafed through it now, thinking of how he had staggered down the street *tomorrow* to the corner newsstand so that he would know he hadn't been dreaming. The professor idly turned another page, stared in horror—and leaped to his feet with a cry of anguish. Suddenly he staggered, clutched his heart, and pitched to the floor, his cigarette falling near the newspaper.

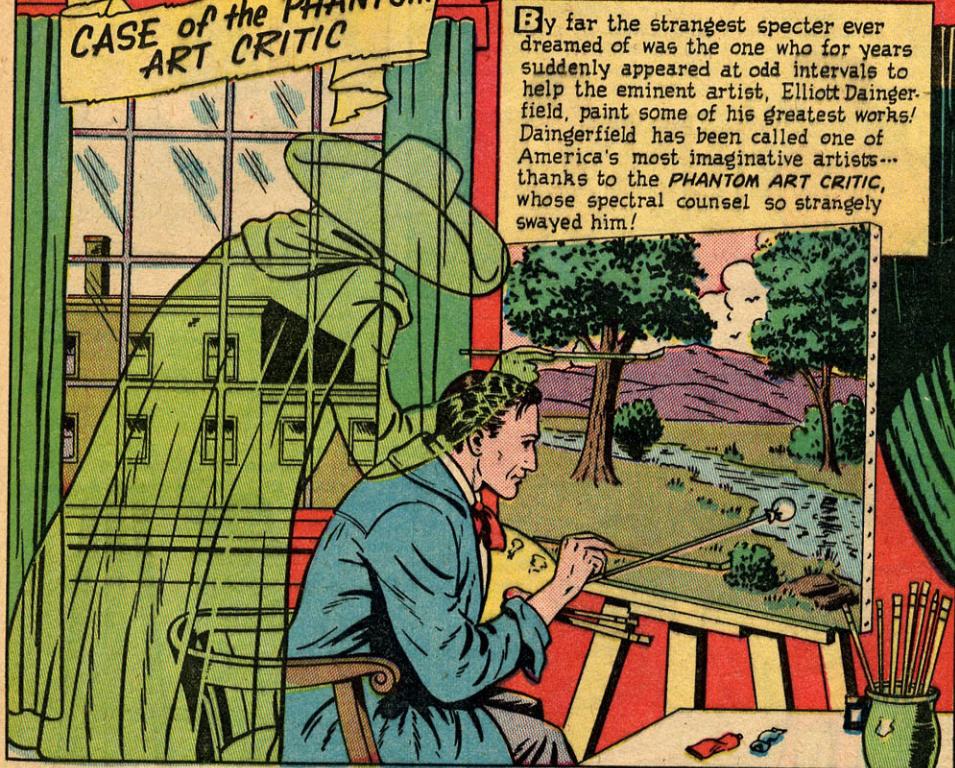
A thin curl of smoke arose, and then the greedy flames began eating away at the column that read:

"NOTED EGYPTOLOGIST DIES

Professor Peter Halvorsen died yesterday in a fire that utterly consumed his home. The renowned scholar is believed to have suffered a heart attack before the blaze occurred, and there is no hint of the cause of the fire. Police are investigating a strange silver box full of ashes, found near the body . . ."

UNCANNY MYSTERIES

CASE of the PHANTOM ART CRITIC



By far the strangest specter ever dreamed of was the one who for years suddenly appeared at odd intervals to help the eminent artist, Elliott Daingerfield, paint some of his greatest works! Daingerfield has been called one of America's most imaginative artists... thanks to the PHANTOM ART CRITIC, whose spectral counsel so strangely swayed him!

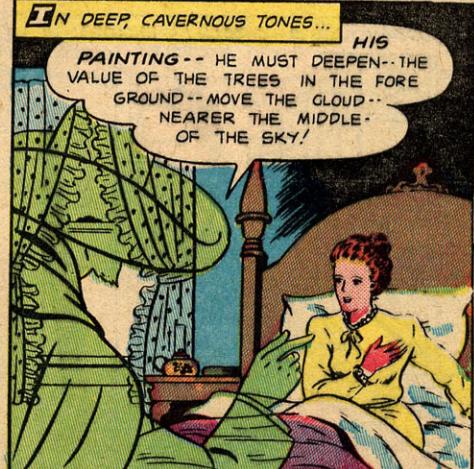
IT ALL STARTED THE NIGHT MRS. DAINGERFIELD AWOKE SUDDENLY TO A STARTLING SIGHT...

OH! WHO...
WHAT ARE YOU?



IN DEEP, CAVERNOUS TONES...

HIS PAINTING -- HE MUST DEEPEN -- THE VALUE OF THE TREES IN THE FOREGROUND -- MOVE THE CLOUD -- NEARER THE MIDDLE -- OF THE SKY!



IN THE MORNING, WHEN MRS. DAINGERFIELD REPORTED THE UNCANNY PHENOMENON TO HER HUSBAND...

IT-- IT WAS FANTASTIC!! ELLIOTT, I NEVER GO INTO YOUR STUDIO-- TELL ME, ARE YOU WORKING ON A LANDSCAPE WITH TREES AND A CLOUD IN THE SKY?

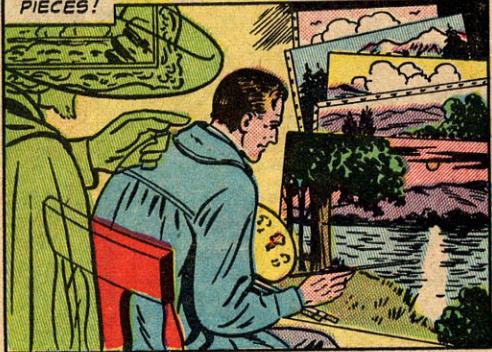
IT IS FANTASTIC-- BECAUSE IT'S A PERFECT CRITICISM OF THE PAINTING I'M WORKING ON! I'VE HAD THE FEELING THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH IT, BUT NOW THAT ... THAT APPARITION HAS MENTIONED IT, I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT! STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, I'M GOING TO TAKE ITS ADVICE!



I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE IT-- CHANGING THE TREES AND THE CLOUD MAKES IT A PERFECT PICTURE! I... I HOPE THAT SPECTER COMES AGAIN!



IT DID COME AGAIN, AT ODD INTERVALS FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS! WHENEVER THE ARTIST SEEMED TO BE MOST IN NEED OF HELP, THE PHANTOM WOULD APPEAR-- AND ITS GHOSTLY WORDS OF COUNSEL HELPED MAKE MASTERSPIECES!



DAINGERFIELD HEDED ITS WORDS-- BUT ONLY ONCE DID THE PHANTOM APPEAR DIRECTLY TO HIM! IT WAS LATE ONE AFTERNOON, WHEN THE ARTIST HAD LAID HIS BRUSHES DOWN IN DISCOURAGEMENT...

NOTHING I'VE TRIED MAKES ANY IMPROVEMENT! THE PAINTING OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD IS GOOD ENOUGH, BUT SOMETHING... SOMETHING IS MISSING THAT WILL MAKE IT PERFECT!



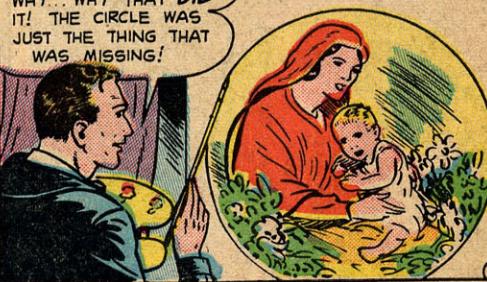
SUDDENLY...

A-- CIRCLE! ENCLOSE IT-- IN A CIRCLE!



AND ANYONE WHO VISITS THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART IN NEW YORK, OR THE NATIONAL GALLERY, CAN SEE THE MAGNIFICENT PICTURES PAINTED BY ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD-- WITH THE HELP OF THE PHANTOM ART CRITIC... WHOM ELLIOTT BELIEVED TO BE A GHOSTLY SPIRIT OF A 17TH CENTURY MASTER!

WHY... WHY THAT DID IT! THE CIRCLE WAS JUST THE THING THAT WAS MISSING!



The Cook of DEATH



Ever hear anyone say, "If looks could kill, I'd have been dead...?" Well, how would **YOU** like to have the power of gazing at a person -- with a look that **KILLS**? And let's see what **ONE** man who **HAD** that power **DID** with **The Look of DEATH!**

NO WONDER THEY HAD TO CUT THE PRICE OF THAT SPYGLASS! WHO IN THE WORLD WOULD WANT A BEAT-UP OLD THING LIKE **THAT**?

NOT **I**! THAT RELIC IS NO BARGAIN AT **ANY** PRICE!

ANTIQUE SHOP

SPYGLASS
Bargain

Special
Receptions

OH, YEAH? DON'T **YOU** BE SO HASTY ABOUT THAT SPYGLASS, READER -- AT LEAST, NOT UNTIL YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT ITS STRANGE POWERS AND THE EVEN STRANGER STORY CONNECTED WITH IT -- A STORY THAT BEGINS IN THE PAWNSHOP OWNED BY ONE MAC MACAULEY...

OH, OH -- **ANOTHER** CHARACTER! WHY DO ALL THE QUEER DUCKS HAVE TO COME TO **MY** PAWNSHOP? -- YOU CAN'T MAKE A DIME OUT OF THEM! I'LL GET RID OF **THIS** ONE IN A HURRY!

PLEASE --
I NEED
MONEY --
URGENTLY!

PAWN
SHOP
•
LOANS

LAST NIGHT **THE VOICE** CALLED TO ME -- ORDERING ME TO RETURN IMMEDIATELY TO TIBET! BUT SINCE WE ARE FORBIDDEN TO USE **TELEPORTATION** TO TRAVEL INSTANTLY FROM ONE POINT ON THE GLOBE TO ANOTHER, I MUST GO BY **ORDINARY** MEANS -- AND FOR THAT I NEED **PASSAGE-MONEY! YOU** WILL GIVE IT TO ME!

THE VOICE ... TIBET... TELEPORTATION... THIS BIRD IS **REALLY NUTS!**

SORRY, BUB... I **LOAN** MONEY -- I DON'T **GIVE** IT AWAY! AND BEFORE I MAKE A LOAN, I NEED PLenty OF COLLATERAL --

BUT I **DO** HAVE COLLATERAL! HERE-- I WILL LEAVE YOU THIS PORTRAIT AS SECURITY FOR THE LOAN!



THOSE -- THOSE **EYES** ... THEY'RE ALMOST **ALIVE**... BURNING -- **UGH!** THEY GIVE ME THE WILLIES!

BUT... BUT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! THAT WAS PAINTED BY THE WISEST ARTIST IN THE LAMA'S EMPIRE! IT HAS CERTAIN QUALITIES WHICH --

SURE IT HAS QUALITIES -- **BAD ONES!** UNLESS YOU HAVE SOMETHING ELSE TO OFFER AS SECURITY --

I ... I HAVE ONLY ONE OTHER POSSESSION -- **THIS!** IT IS FORBIDDEN TO PART WITH IT, BUT I **MUST** HAVE MONEY-- HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR IT?

WHAT --? LEND YOU MONEY FOR THAT POP-EYED PICTURE OF YOU IN A PHONEY SWAMI'S OUTFIT? WHY, I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU TWO BITS FOR IT!



OH, A **SPYGLASS**, EH? WELL, IT MIGHT BE WORTH A COUPLE OF BUCKS -- I'LL JUST LOOK THROUGH IT

NO! IT IS FORBIDDEN FOR THE UNINITIATED TO LOOK THROUGH THE SACRED GLASS!

DO NOT PUT YOUR EYE TO IT!

HUH -- THE LENSES MUST BE PLAIN GLASS IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO TRY IT OUT! HERE, TAKE IT BACK AND GET OUT OF -- **NO -- WAIT!**

THAT GLITTERING -- THE LIGHT IS BEING REFLECTED AS IF THERE ARE **REAL GEMS** ON IT!

GREAT JUMPIN' JUPITER! **DIAMONDS**... **RUBIES** ...**EMERALDS** -- THIS THING IS WORTH A **FORTUNE!**



WELL--ER-- IT'S NOT WORTH MORE THAN A COUPLE OF BUCKS, BUT YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'RE HONEST AND CAN BE TRUSTED WITH A LOAN! I'LL LEND YOU \$500-- KEEPING THE SPYGLASS JUST AS A TOKEN OF SECURITY!

AH, EXCELLENT! THAT IS ENOUGH TO GET ME TO TIBET!

I WILL LEAVE MY PORTRAIT HERE FOR SAFEKEEPING, SINCE IT WOULD MERELY ENCUMBER ME ON MY VOYAGE! FAREWELL, UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN! BUT REMEMBER -- DO NOT LOOK THROUGH THE SACRED LENS!

DON'T WORRY-- I PROMISE YOU I WON'T! BON VOYAGE!



THE STUPID FOOL! I DIDN'T EVEN GIVE HIM A PAWN TICKET FOR IT-- HE COULDN'T CLAIM IT IF HE DID COME BACK! OH, BROTHER -- WHAT A HAUL!

WELL, I'VE STRIPPED ALL THE JEWELS OFF IT! NOW LET'S SEE IF THE SPYGLASS ITSELF IS WORTH ANYTHING -- I MIGHT AS WELL GET ALL I CAN OUT OF THIS DEAL! I'LL JUST FOCUS IT ON THIS CAR COMING UP THE STREET...

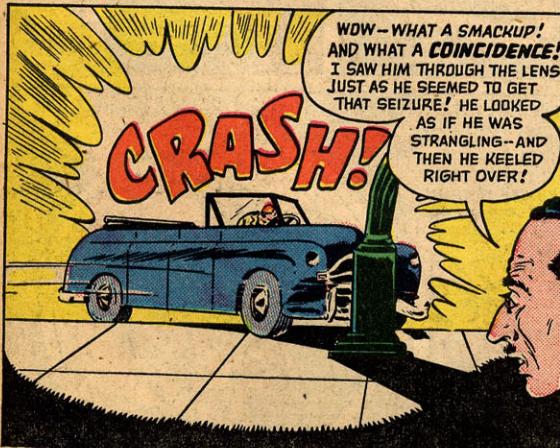
BUT, THE MOMENT MAD LOOKS THROUGH THE SPYGLASS AT THE DRIVER...

IT'S A HIGH-POWERED LENS, ALL RIGHT -- HEY! -- THE DRIVER-- HE'S--



WOW--WHAT A SMACKUP! AND WHAT A COINCIDENCE! I SAW HIM THROUGH THE LENS JUST AS HE SEEMED TO GET THAT SEIZURE! HE LOOKED AS IF HE WAS STRANGLING--AND THEN HE KEELED RIGHT OVER!

CRASH!



OH, WELL, ALL THAT IS UNIMPORTANT COMPARED TO THIS little sweetheart OF A SPYGLASS! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH ENORMOUS MAGNIFICATION IN SUCH A SMALL JOB-- AND IT'S CRYSTAL CLEAR! IT MUST BE A FOREIGN MAKE -- I'LL TAKE IT HOME AND TRY IT OUT SOME MORE TONIGHT!





THE .. THE MOMENT I LOOKED AT HER THROUGH THE GLASS ... SHE ... SHE HAD THAT SAME SPELL AS THAT CAR-DRIVER -- AND HE HAD **HIS** JUST AS I LOOKED AT HIM! IS IT JUST A COINCIDENCE -- **OR**--? **WAIT**-- THAT SCREWBALL WHO GAVE ME THIS -- HE WARNED ME **NOT TO LOOK THROUGH IT!** IT'S **NOT** COINCIDENCE! IT ... IT MUST BE THIS... THIS **THING**!

SHE'S GETTING UP -- JUST SEEMS **STUNNED**! BUT I WONDER... IF LOOKING AT PEOPLE FOR A **SECOND** THROUGH THIS SPY-GLASS **DOES** KNOCK THEM OUT, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I **KEPT** LOOKING AT THEM? WOULD IT... **KILL**? I... I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT... **SOMEHOW**!



OKAY, MACAULEY -- THIS IS **IT**! THE BOSS IS GETTIN' TIRED O' WAITIN' FOR THAT PROTECTION MONEY YUH DWE 'IM! EITHER YUH PAY UP TONIGHT,

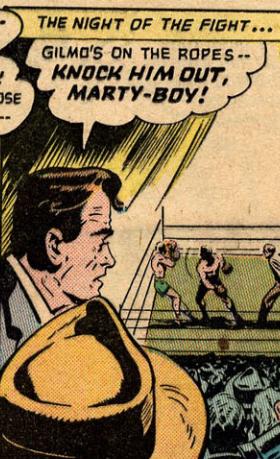
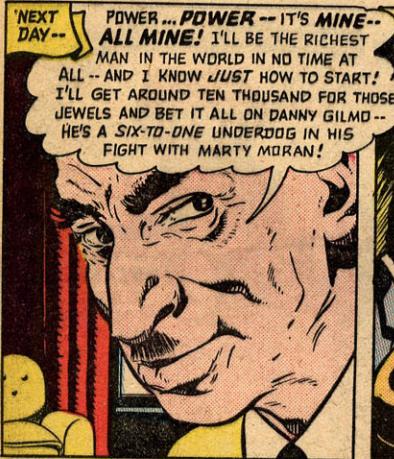
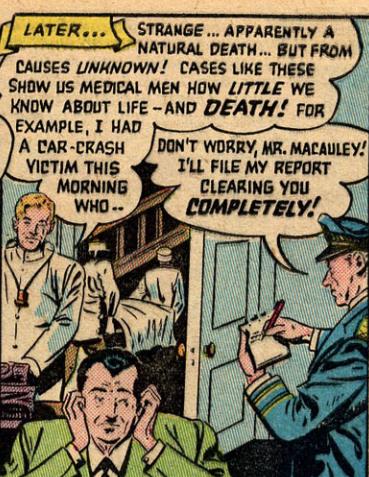
OR -- **SURE, JUG--SURE!** I'VE GOT THE MONEY RIGHT HERE! BUT I'M GLAD YOU CALLED FOR IT, BECAUSE YOU CAN HELP ME OUT ON SOMETHIN'! YOU SEE, MY HOBBY IS **SPYGLASSES**-- AND I'VE GOT TO ADJUST THIS NEW ONE I JUST GOT!



SO **YOU** JUST SIT RIGHT DOWN HERE, AND I'LL HAVE SOMEONE TO FOCUS **IT** ON! IT'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE, AND THEN I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY!

I DON'T GET IT, MACAULEY--BUT **YOU** WILL IF THIS IS ONE O' YOUR TRICKS! DON'T TRY PULLIN' NOTHIN' SMART ON **ME**!





NEXT DAY...

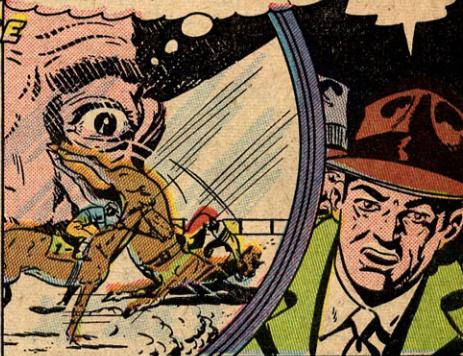
LAST NIGHT'S Winnings were just peanuts compared to what I'll win on HUMDRUM now! He's an 80-to-one long shot -- and I have \$60,000 riding on him -- spread in small amounts with every bookie in town, so no one will get suspicious!

THEY'RE OFF?



THIS'LL BE EASY -- ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOOK AT THE HORSE THAT'S IN THE LEAD LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE IT FALTER OR STUMBLE -- AND DO THE SAME TO EVERY OTHER HORSE UNTIL HUMDRUM TAKES THE LEAD! -- AH, HERE'S THE FIRST--

FIREFLY'S STUMBLING --HE'S GOING DOWN!



AH, I'M GETTING THE KNACK OF IT -- I LOOKED AT THE FIRST FEW TOO LONG! I JUST TOOK A COUPLE OF QUICK GLANCES AT THE OTHERS -- AND THEY FALTERED OR LOST STRIDE EACH TIME -- ENOUGH TO LET HUMDRUM --

THE WINNER - HUMDRUM!



WOW, YOU'RE PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE WHO HAD MONEY ON HUMDRUM -- AND I LOST MY SHIRT ON THAT RACE! I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE LIKE IT BEFORE -- WITH ALL THOSE FAVORITES FALLING LIKE FLIES!

CASHIER

STICK AROUND, BROTHER! YOU'LL BE SEEING PLENTY OF RACES LIKE THAT -- PLENTY!



AS TIME PASSED...

I'M A MILLIONAIRE NOW, AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING! BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP MY MIND OFF THAT SCREWBALL WHO GAVE ME THE SPYGLASS -- WHAT IF HE COMES BACK? AM I BECOMING AFRAID OF HIM? NO, I CAN'T BE!



THERE -- THIS'LL PROVE I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM! HAW--I'LL HAVE A BIG LAUGH EVERY TIME I LOOK UP AT THAT FOOL'S FACE!



A MONTH LATER...

I'VE GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH NOW TO START BUYING UP CONTROLLING INTERESTS IN THE BIGGEST CORPORATIONS IN THE COUNTRY! I'LL START WITH THE MUNITIONS INDUSTRIES -- THEY'LL COME IN HANDY IN CASE I WANT TO ESTABLISH MY OWN PRIVATE ARMY -- IF I CAN'T BUY MY WAY INTO BECOMING PRESIDENT!

GOOD EVENING!
I HAVE COME TO
PAY BACK THE LOAN--
AND TO COLLECT
MY COLLATERAL!

HERE IS THE \$500, PLUS
INTEREST! PLEASE -- MY
PORTRAIT AND THE
SACRED GLASS!

YOU! THE -- THE DOOR
WAS **LOCKED** -- HOW
DID YOU GET IN HERE?
I NEVER EXPECTED
TO SEE **YOU AGAIN!**



AH, THE PORTRAIT -- I AM PLEASED YOU LIKED IT SO MUCH AS TO HANG IT IN YOUR ROOM! AND NOW--

MY SACRED GLASS!

I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!
I CAN'T GET RID OF **HIM** BY LOOKING AT HIM THROUGH THE SPYGLASS -- HE PROBABLY KNOWS ITS SECRET! AND I CAN'T LET HIM RUIN MY PLANS JUST WHEN THEY'RE ABOUT TO

MAKE ME **THE MOST**

POWERFUL

MAN IN THE

WORLD!

I'LL HAVE

TO--



OH, YES, YOU MEAN THE **SPYGLASS** YOU LEFT WITH ME! I'VE GOT IT IN THE SAFE IN MY STORE -- I'LL DRIVE OVER WITH YOU AND GET IT!

EXCELLENT!



STAY RIGHT HERE WHILE
I GET MY CAR! I'LL
ONLY BE A

AS YOU
WISH! I SHALL
WAIT--

A MINUTE LATER...

**NO--
HELP!**

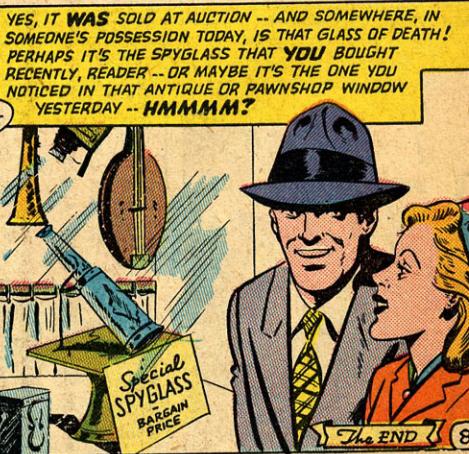
NO ONE CAN
HELP YOU **NOW!**
SO LONG,
SUCKER!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

MY LAST WORRY IS OVER! I WIPE OUT ALL THE SIGNS OF THAT ACCIDENT FROM MY CAR -- THEY'LL NEVER TRACE HIS DEATH TO **ME!** AND NOW THE SPYGLASS IS MINE-- **FOR GOOD!** I'LL JUST LAY IT DOWN HERE SO THAT I CAN FEAST MY EYES ON IT WHILE I PLAN MY NEXT BIG DEAL!





PAY LESS—GET THE BEST! SENSATIONAL SAVINGS! YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU CAN BUY THEM FOR LESS!

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YOUR CHOICE OF 23

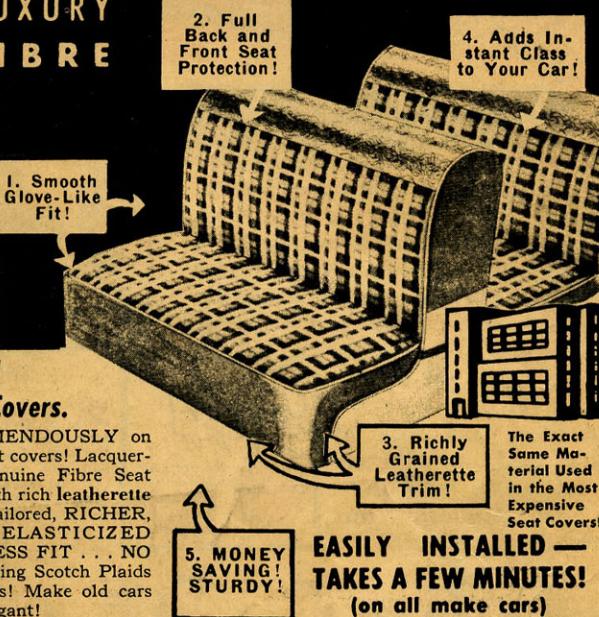
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KAISER	TERRA PLANE
LAFAYETTE	WILLYS
And Many Others	

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On delivery I'll pay postman purchase price plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

\$ _____ purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

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ENJOY MAKING RECORDS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME

Now you can make records of your singing, talking, reciting, or instrument playing right in your own home! No longer need the high price of recording machines or studio facilities prevent you or your family from hearing their own voice or playing. No Experience Necessary. Set up the NEW HOME RECORD MAKER, play, talk, or sing, and immediately you have a record which you and your friends can enjoy.



PLAYS BACK AT ONCE

Record jokes, imitations, voices and instruments — and play for happy, happy memories. You can play new record at once! Give yourself, your family and friends a thrill! Records can be played back on ANY phonograph.

Amazing
LOW Price
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COMPLETE

Have lots of fun! Record voices of seldom-seen but well-loved friends and dear ones. Make greeting records — Birthday, Anniversary Greetings for your loved ones.

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Use your NEW HOME RECORD MAKER anytime and perform as comfortably as you'd talk on the telephone — needs no special "recording technique." No experience necessary.

SEND NO MONEY!

You don't have to send a cent. Just fill in coupons and mail today to get your complete NEW HOME RECORD MAKER. Sent C.O.D. for only \$4.98 plus postage and C.O.D. . . . or send check or money order for \$4.98 and we pay postage.

Additional blank records \$2.00 per dozen (24 sides)

THINK OF IT! I JUST MADE THIS RECORD WITH THE HOME RECORD MAKER!

IT'S SO SIMPLE! LET ME MAKE A RECORD



MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS at HOME

IT'S AMAZINGLY SIMPLE!

Make records right in your own home by just singing, talking, acting, or playing a musical instrument into your own record player using a NEW HOME RECORD MAKING UNIT. This wonderful little unit records on the blank records furnished with your recording kit. No processing of the record required . . . just make your recording and it is immediately ready for playback. USE THE NEW HOME RECORD MAKER with most any standard record player—hand winding, portable, radio-phone combination or electrical phonographs operating on either AC or DC.

What is the Recordograph?

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